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METHODIST REVIEW

(BIMONTHLY)

WILLIAM V. KELLEY, L.H.D., Editor

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METHODIST REVIEW

JANUARY, 1918

RECENT RELIGIOUS DEVELOPMENTS IN RUSSIA

THE attention of the world has been so much absorbed with the political and social revolution in Russia that comparatively little has been said regarding what is in some respects equally remarkable—the wonderful religious changes now in progress in that country, especially in relation to the Russian Orthodox Church. The High Procurator of the Holy Synod told me just before I left Russia that greater and more significant changes had taken place in the church during the preceding month than in the past two hundred years. He insisted, and the facts would seem to support him, that these changes have amounted to nothing less than a revolution. In the first place, religious tolerance has at last been achieved in Russia. All religions now stand on an equality. Men everywhere are free to worship God according to their own convictions and forms. They are also at liberty to organize their own religious associations, and to conduct their work without restriction. Even the Jews now have equal rights before the law and an end has come to the long tragedy of persecutions, humiliations, and massacres. The attitude of any Christian nation toward the Jews is among the most searching tests of the character of its freedom. Many other sects for generations most severely oppressed have come out into the larger life and liberty.

The Russian Orthodox Church is undergoing a complete reorganization. The process may best be defined as a democratization of the church. There has come a complete break with the old bureaucratic regime. The power of the church is being decentralized. Its provincial government will be rapidly developed.

Parish, district, and diocesan councils and committees are being formed or reconstituted, and have been given the freedom and authority necessary to insure the best life of the Church. The democratic principle has been applied to the election of many of the clergy. Already twelve bishops have been elected by popular vote, including those of Petrograd and Moscow. A plan is being perfected by which the Holy Synod will be elected by the church itself, through a properly constituted national assembly or council. Instead of carrying out this plan it may be decided to abolish the Holy Synod and to substitute a Ministry of Religion as a part of the Cabinet.

The various extraordinary changes which are taking place so rapidly in the outer organization and administration of the Church are but a reflection of an equally striking internal reformation. The Russian Church undoubtedly sank to its lowest level of life and influence during the last year, in connection with the shocking and almost unbelievable Rasputin scandal. With the shaking off of the old servitude, which has come with the great revolution, the Russian Church has broken out into new life. Questionable practices have been abandoned, old corruptions have been cast aside, and the work of purification is advancing apace. A special commission is at work on purifying the life of the seminaries. In many quarters one finds refreshing signs of spiritual quickening.

One of the most hopeful developments is that in the direction of increasing the working efficiency of the Church. The Great Sobor, or Council, held in Moscow in the month of June, devoted itself throughout the entire ten days to this task. It accomplished a solid constructive work in the direction of improving the parish life of the churches, in defining new relations which should exist between the Church and State, in determining wise plans for the development of parish schools, in calling out more largely the latent lay forces, and above all, in devising ways and means of improving the work of the clergy.

A strong and representative commission is at work revising the curriculum of the ecclesiastical academies and seminaries. Measures are being taken also to transform certain of the monas-

teries, which had passed into a stage of decline and lifelessness, into institutions for scholastic research, and for the uplifting of the life of the Church through carrying to the people the gospel by word and by print. That all these progressive movements and tendencies may be strengthened and carried forward to full fruition, it has been decided that there shall be held in the city of Moscow an Extraordinary Council of the Russian Church. A Preparation Committee, composed of the Holy Synod and some forty of the other most influential leaders of the Church, is at work perfecting the plans for this gathering, and will continue its labors until the council assembles.

Another sign of large encouragement is the movement in the direction of closer Christian fellowship and unity among the different Christian bodies in Russia. It has been decided to invite to the great council, so soon to assemble, representatives of the Old Believers, the principal dissenting sect in Russia—a sect numbering over twelve millions of members which has been bitterly persecuted for over two hundred years—and the invitation has been accepted. Negotiations of peculiar interest and significance have been entered into between the ecclesiastics of the Orthodox and Roman Catholic communions. As a result, it is probable that the latter body will hold a church council or assembly at the time that the great council of the Orthodox Church is in session. Attention should also be called to the multiplying sympathetic points of contact between Protestant Christians and the Russian Church. An illustration is that of my own experience while in Russia. I will enlarge upon this because it will serve to enforce what has been said regarding the striking change which has come over the religious situation in Russia.

Within a few days after we reached Russia, I was invited, along with one of my associates on the Special Diplomatic Mission, Mr. Charles R. Crane, to attend the Great Sobor of the Russian Orthodox Church then in session in Moscow. By Sobor is meant what would be called in the Presbyterian Church at home a General Assembly, or in the Episcopal Church a General Convention, or in the Methodist Church a General Conference. These are poor analogies, because this Sobor is one of unique importance,

being the first representative national gathering held by the Russian Church in a period of over two hundred years—that is, since 1682. It was attended by 1,072 official delegates, each one hundred parishes being entitled to send as representatives two priests and two laymen. In addition to the delegates sent by the parishes, the Holy Synod had appointed as delegates several leading bishops. Every part of Russia was represented. During the ten days that the Sobor was in session part of the time was devoted to sectional meetings and the rest to plenary meetings. The recommendations of the sectional gatherings were presented to the main sessions, where they were discussed and adopted. Archbishop Platon, formerly at the head of the Russian Church in America, invited me to give a formal address before the Sobor. As good fortune would have it, I found among the delegates Father Alexandrof, the Russian priest at San Francisco, who speaks English very well. We had met before, having attended together one of our Association conventions in America. He proved an ideal interpreter. I spoke for an hour, bringing first a message of gratitude from America to the Russian Christians; secondly, a message of solicitude and caution to the Russian Church in this critical hour in the life of the nation; and thirdly, a message of hope or reassurance. My address was received throughout with most evident sympathy and enthusiasm. At least a score of times during the address the entire audience arose, this being a sign of most signal approval. It was a striking fact that these manifestations came in connection with the most significant and vital points. At the end of the address the delegates rose instantly and joined in one of their church hymns, calling upon the Holy Spirit to come upon us. They followed this with the famous Russian song, "Many Years," and this was succeeded by another spiritual hymn. Then came four speeches in response to the message and in appreciation of the fact that Mr. Crane and I had come to them as the representatives of President Wilson and of the American people. The first of these speeches was made by the president of the Sobor, a distinguished professor of Moscow University. The next speech was by Bishop Andrew of Ufa, speaking on behalf of the bishops. He was followed by Prince Troubetskoy, who is likewise a pro-

fessor in the university. The last address of thanks was made by the High Procurator of the Holy Synod. In no gathering of Protestant Christians, or those of any other communion, have I ever been received more whole-heartedly.

A few days later, on my return to Petrograd, another opportunity presented itself—one which seems almost incredible. I was invited by the High Procurator to give an address before the Holy Synod and other leaders of the Russian Church, who had assembled to lay plans for the Extraordinary Council of the Church to be held later in the year. I began by congratulating the leaders of the Russian Church on its achievements throughout the centuries, giving in outline the principal results accomplished. Then I congratulated them on the present opportunities before the Church in Russia and beyond its borders, and likewise upon the grave difficulties which beset the Church in this time of upheaval and change, reminding them of the value of difficulties in calling out our latent energies and in deepening our acquaintance with God. After that I congratulated them on the future, showing them why the best days of the Russian Church lie in the years just before us. The next heading of my address dealt with the eight most distinctive contributions which American Christianity has made to the common Christianity of the world. The strong points in the religious life of America are among the very aspects of the Russian Church which most need to receive constructive attention. These outstanding leaders of the Christian forces of the country listened with unmistakable sympathy, and when I had finished, the president, Archbishop Platon, also the High Procurator and others expressed their sincere appreciation. While I was present with the Holy Synod two significant steps were taken. It was voted to hold in Moscow, beginning about the end of August, the Extraordinary Council of the Russian Church, to which I have already referred. They also agreed unanimously that one of the objects of the council is to facilitate the union of the Orthodox Church and the Old Believers. A delegate from the latter body who was present responded in the finest spirit to the overtures of the Orthodox Church. When one thinks of the terrible persecutions which the Old Believers have suffered at

the hands of the state church, the drawing together of these great communions seems indeed wonderful. It will interest you to know that the meeting on this day was held in the home of Pobiedonostzev, the former, famous, most able, and much feared High Procurator of the Holy Synod. When I reflected on the reactionary, relentless, and cruel way in which he administered the affairs of the Church, I found it difficult to realize that I had actually been accorded such an opportunity, and that I had lived to see the day of so great transformation.

With Mr. Crane I returned to Moscow to witness on July 4 a significant event—the election of the new Metropolitan. We first saw the procession of ecclesiastics and delegates march to the Cathedral of Our Saviour, where the election and the accompanying ceremonies were to take place. It was an impressive sight to witness this picturesque company bearing various sacred ikons and other insignia of the Church, and also the surging crowds of peasants and towns-folk lining the streets and following the procession. Only the eight hundred delegates and the officiating church leaders were admitted to the floor of the cathedral. Everybody else had to stand in the galleries and it was not easy to obtain tickets even for this privilege. On our arrival the day before, the members of the Sobor had voted unanimously to admit Mr. Crane and myself to the floor, because they regarded us as special ambassadors from the Christians of America. They, therefore, gave us a place of honor on the platform before the *ikonostas*. The eight hundred delegates included men in every walk of life from princes to peasants. They constituted one of the most fascinating sights which I have witnessed in any gathering. First came the regular ritual service of the Russian Orthodox Church, closing with the Holy Communion. The Archbishop of Yaroslav officiated, and several bishops and other church dignitaries assisted. The service, which lasted nearly three hours, was conducted with great solemnity and reverence and with evident depth of feeling. In this respect I know of no body of Christians who surpass the Russians. On this day the singing was largely congregational. Over one third of the time was spent in singing responses, chants, psalms, and hymns. It would be impossible to

describe the effect of the united worship and praise of these hundreds of devout Christians. After the formal service was finished, the delegates proceeded at once to the election of the Metropolitan. This was conducted in the body of the church, and continued for several hours. It was a most orderly proceeding. There were four different ballot boxes to facilitate the casting of the votes. In the presence of the delegates and the crowds in the galleries the votes were counted. There were four or five candidates, the two highest in the list being Archbishop Tikhon, who received 481 votes, and a prominent layman, Mr. Samarin, who received 303. Archbishop Tikhon, the successful candidate, was for several years bishop of the Russian Church in America, and before he left there became its first archbishop. He is a man of the finest character, and his election met with general approval, although the principal rival candidate had a strong following. After the vote was announced by the officers of the election, the bishops gave careful consideration to the result, and then came forward and indorsed the choice of the delegates. The whole company joined in the singing of the *Te Deum*. This was followed by the singing of "Many Years" for the newly elected Metropolitan.

Between the church service and the election Mr. Crane and I were summoned to go behind the altar, and while there Archpriest Lubimoff of Moscow presented each of us with a sacred ikon, in view of the service which we had rendered Russia, and in recognition of our relation to the Christian movement throughout the world. The ikon presented to me is one representing our Lord and was taken from the *ikonostas* of the Uspensky Cathedral, where it had been for centuries. It is one of the fourteenth century, and they told me it is priceless. You will recall this cathedral as one of the oldest in Russia, and the one in which the czars were crowned. In presenting me the ikon, the Archpriest quite clearly referred to the fact of my being a Protestant, but said that they recognized my oneness with them in our belief in the one Divine Saviour. He also referred to the service which we have rendered during the war to the more than two million Russian prisoners in Germany and Austria-Hungary. He has a son, a graduate of Moscow University, who is in one of these prisoner-

of-war camps in Germany. He told me that this son had written him repeatedly about the helpfulness of our Association, and that while in it he had learned the English language. I told him that we would arrange to have sent to his son from Copenhagen every two weeks a parcel of food. This moved the old man to tears.

Sunday, July 1, was also a notable day in the relations between the Russian Orthodox Church and American Protestant Christianity. Largely as a result of the intercourse we had had with the leaders of the Russian Church in the Sobor at Moscow, and in the meeting with the Holy Synod, some of the Russian ecclesiastics expressed their desire to have a special service conducted in one of their principal churches in recognition of the presence and help of the American Mission. The Kasan Cathedral on Nevski Prospekt in Petrograd was selected as a most desirable place for the purpose. The service lasted from ten o'clock until about one. The saintly and noble Archbishop Platon, who did such wonderful work for the cause of Christ in America, officiated at the service and celebrated Holy Communion. The majority of the members of our mission attended, also members of the Railroad Commission, of which Mr. Stevens is chairman, the American Ambassador and his staff, representatives of the Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations then in Russia, and several other Americans. We were given a prominent place to stand on the platform facing the choir. As the service advanced the attendance grew, until people were standing in all parts of the great inclosure and were massed in large numbers at the front. Many bishops, priests, archpriests, and deacons participated in the elaborate ritual, which I have never seen conducted more impressively than it was on this occasion. The choir sang not only the customary responses, but also a number of deeply moving selections. A most unusual circumstance was the fact that Archbishop Platon while celebrating the Holy Communion did so in part in the English language. Moreover, about the middle of the service, Father Alexandrof, of San Francisco, who had been my interpreter at the important religious gatherings, read in English the Gospel lesson for the day, and preached in English an effective sermon on the Good Samaritan. He called

attention to the timeliness and great significance of the fact that America had come to them in this most critical moment in the history of Russia, and begged America indeed not to "pass by on the other side" Russia in her hour of need, but to be to her a good Samaritan. He said: "The Russian people know how to be grateful; they will never forget America's kindness."

As the service came toward its climax a most unusual thing took place. One of the priests came to the Americans and invited them to go behind the *ikonostas*, where we observed the Archbishop administer the Holy Communion in both kinds to the bishops and priests who were present. We then returned to the place where we had stood throughout the early part of the service. The closing moments were more overpowering than ever in impressiveness. Possibly the most moving part was when the vast audience broke out and sang together in perfect unison and with deep feeling the Lord's Prayer. There followed a period of intercession, led by one of the priests, when they prayed for the army, for the President and people of the United States, for the Allies, for all the Americans present, for the Russian prisoners of war, for the Provisional Government, and for other objects of special concern. At the end of the service the archbishop came from the altar behind the *ikonostas* and, standing at the chancel where the vast audience stood as close to him as possible, he preached to them a marvelous sermon. I was told, by one who understands the Russian language, that it was a model of pastoral eloquence. A large section of his sermon was devoted to telling the people about the Christians in America. He characterized, with aptness, what they have in common with the Russian Christians. He frankly admitted the differences, but insisted that they were minor in contrast with the vital, essential points which unite us all. He ended by an appeal for Christian unity. Then there came a special prayer for the unity of all believers in accord with the prayer of our Lord.

Another opportunity of unique importance was that which came to me through an invitation to meet with the commission appointed by the Holy Synod to Revise the Curriculum of the Ecclesiastical Academies and Seminaries. Among their number

were leading professors and teachers of the institutions concerned, as well as of the universities, together with other educational authorities. I was asked not only to participate in the discussion but to give an address. It afforded me opportunity to point out recent developments and modern tendencies in theological education in America and Europe. Among the principal points which I developed, and which apparently had special and timely application to the needs in Russia, were: The advantages of closer association of theological students and those of other faculties and callings; the desirability of extending the theological course or at least of making suitable provision for advanced studies; the combination, in proper proportions and with the wisest guidance, of practical experience in Christian service with the regular scholastic work; the giving of larger attention to those studies which prepare the future leaders of the Church to bring to bear the Christian gospel on the social problems of our time; the preparation of church leaders for meeting the unparalleled missionary opportunity and responsibility of this generation; the furnishing of an apologetic calculated to enable the clergy to command the intellectual confidence and following of thoughtful unbelievers; the holding in true prominence of those studies and exercises which insure vital Christian experience and true growth in spiritual apprehension and power. In the light of my study of the needs and requirements of the Russian priesthood, it would be difficult to indicate which of these points could wisely be omitted, or which of them needs chief emphasis. Considering the present political, social, economic, and religious problems of Russia, I would say without hesitation that by far the most critical is that which has to do with insuring an able leadership of the Christian forces of the nation.

My relation to the religious life of Russia was not confined to my contacts with the Orthodox Church. I sought and improved opportunities to come into helpful touch with other religious bodies and movements. Never shall I forget the long evening spent with the archbishop and the group of principal bishops of the largest dissenting sect—the Old Believers, who, as already stated, number not less than twelve millions. This meeting was

held in the simply furnished little log house of the archbishop on the outskirts of Moscow. We gathered in a quiet room around one flickering candle, and talked late into the night about the characteristics, persecutions, present-day problems and aspirations of this body of Christians, who, by every test, have so well earned the right to be counted among Christ's true followers.

I met with the representatives of other Russian sects as I had opportunity. I also had most profitable conferences with representatives of the Protestant forces in Russia, notably with Dr. Keen, of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and with Dr. Simons, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, both of whom are conducting their work with great wisdom and evident acceptance. Memorable interviews were also had with the most distinguished and best trusted leaders of the seven millions of Russian and Polish Jews, which enabled me to penetrate more deeply than ever before into the heart of their problems. My conference with the Roman Catholic bishop and with other representatives of that communion was likewise very satisfactory. One of the most memorable meetings which I had was with this bishop and the High Procurator of the Holy Synod of the Orthodox Church. At the beginning of our conference I said: "Here we are, representatives of the three great Christian communions, Protestant, Roman Catholic, and Russian Orthodox. We have one Christ and one enemy. Though we differ on not a few points which each of us regards as vital, that which would unite us is so much more important that we should never cease to work and to pray that we may some day enter into the full unity which our Lord has had in view for all his disciples." They both responded with manifest sympathy to these words. We did not find it difficult, in the shadow of the tragedy of the great war and its overpowering sufferings, to find much ground for common action.

J. R. Matt

THE BEAUTY OF GOD¹

A HIGH theme, good reader, as you see. Pray be seated. We shall need a little time; also something of the mood in which intimates find it pleasant to interchange quiet thoughts on some of the deeper things in our holy faith. The perfection, or attribute, to be considered has been deplorably neglected by professed philosophers and theologians. To it no formal treatises have ever been devoted. In a long life I have never heard so much as one sermon upon it. Even the hymnists of the Church Universal have been strangely silent.

One reason for the prevalent neglect is found, I suspect, in a widespread misconception as to the Old Testament writers. The ancient Hebrew has been little understood. He is supposed to have had little or no appreciation of beauty. In his attitude toward God he is generally represented as a mere legalist in principle and a mere ceremonialist in practice. His highest religious motive is usually described as having been one of slavish fear. If he had any others they were low commercial ones, merely prompting him to drive sharp bargains with the Almighty just as he is supposed to have done with his fellow men. For law, and for abstract righteousness, he had much respect; but to beauty, natural or moral, he was almost absolutely blind. Such is the common representation; and in accordance therewith we are frequently told that, whereas the religion of the Greeks was the religion of beauty, that of the Hebrews was the religion of legalism, or at best the religion of a cold, unearthly loyalty to abstract righteousness. This whole representation is, I am convinced, a thoroughly mistaken one.

First of all let us look at the language of the ancient Hebrews. It is well known that a nation whose language has an unusual number of words descriptive of ships, and boats, and things connected with navigation, is sure to have been a sea-faring people. So, too, a nation whose language has an unusual number of names

¹ William Fairfield Warren has been a contributor to the *Methodist Review* for over sixty years, having begun in Dr. McClintock's editorship, and continuing now into the *Review's* Second Century—a record unparalleled.

for arms and defenses, and for military officers and maneuvers, is sure to have been a warlike people. Now, it is a curious fact that when we compare the Hebrew vocabulary with that of other languages, even with the Greek, it turns out that the Hebrew has more terms expressive of the idea of beauty than has the Greek; and this notwithstanding the fact that the Greek language has thousands of words more than the Hebrew. This was to me a most surprising discovery. The Greek has always been celebrated for the copiousness of its vocabulary; yet, while it would be difficult to find more than three words in it expressive of beauty, the Hebrew of the Old Testament books alone has no less than twelve translated in our authorized English version by the one word "beauty," or "beauties." The clear inference is that the Hebrew people were more occupied with the thought of the beautiful than were the Greeks, and that in their effort to express the thought they invented and used more terms than did the people who developed the Greek speech.

A further evidence of the susceptibility of the early Hebrews to those influences that appeal to the æsthetic nature may be mentioned. Only an imaginative people have a vocabulary rich in terms of the imagination, and only a musical people have a vocabulary rich in terms relating to music. Now an examination of the Hebrew language in these particulars shows a second most remarkable fact. The copiousness of its musical vocabulary is simply bewildering. How to translate many of the terms is a puzzle baffling the best modern scholarship. So also the vocabulary of terms descriptive of natural scenery is not only rich, but actually unrivaled in its picturesqueness and in its poetic quality. Of all modern tongues the English has the most extensive store of words; yet when we have spoken of the brow of a mountain, its foot, and its head, we have about exhausted our personification of it; that is, our comparison of it to a living body possessed of a head and other members. Not so with the ancient Hebrews. They spoke not only of the "brow" and "foot" and "head" of a mountain, but also in individual cases of its "thighs," its "loins," its "rib," its "forearm," its "shoulder," its "ears," its "teeth," its "horn." How rich in imagination must have been the people

who saw one or another of the mountains round about them equipped with such varied organs and features of a living creature. In this way they individualized each mountain according to its distinctive features. Where can be found any other people who carried the personification of nature so far? No wonder that in their sacred songs they could poetically represent external nature as rejoicing at the approach of the great Jehovah, and could sing in such dramatic strains as these:

"The mountains skipped like rams,
The little hills like lambs,
What ailed thee, O sea, that thou fleddest,
Thou Jordan, that thou wast driven back?
Ye mountains, that ye skipped like rams;
And ye little hills, like lambs?"

Or again,

"Let the sea roar and the fullness thereof,
Let the floods clap their hands,
Let the hills be joyful together
Before Jehovah, for he cometh,
He cometh to judge the earth."

No previous people, and no contemporaneous people, had ever produced poetry like this, or ever given such evidence as is here given of appreciation of the beautiful in the natural world. No poet or seer of any previous people, or of any contemporaneous people, had ever placed on record such a proclamation of its æsthetic faith as that found in the biblical declaration: "He hath made everything beautiful in its time." From all this it clearly follows that the ancient Hebrews were not blind to beauty of any kind, but rather that they surpassed all their neighbor nations in appreciation of its presence in all the works of the one great Creator.²

But it is time to ask, "What do we mean by beauty?" I

²At this point in the preparation of the present paper the writer chanced to open the works of Josephus and unexpectedly to light upon a passage in which, in an effort to answer the cruelly slanderous accusations made against his people by Apion, he alludes to the worthy conception of God set forth in the teachings of Moses. In this passage the thing that at once struck me as singularly significant was this: that, after mentioning the unbegottenness and immutability of God as represented in the Pentateuch, he sums up all the other divine perfections in one, and that one is not righteousness, not holiness, not sovereignty, not transcendence to the creature world, not any of the things currently supposed to have been dominant in the Hebrew conception of God, but simply "beauty," a beauty which in Josephus's own words "surpasses every mortal conception." Surely, if at a time when this champion of the Jewish nation was smarting under the outrageous persecutions of Caligula and Nero, and deliberately replying to the imperially appointed and paid persecutor of his people, Josephus could so utterly refrain from any allusion to the unfailing justice of the divine avenger of wronged men and nations, and could emphasise only the inconceivable beauty of Jehovah, it must be that in his habitual thought of God this element of beauty transcended every other.

confess it is hard to say. I have never been able to find a definition that seemed altogether satisfactory. Webster in our latest edition says: "Beauty is an assemblage of graces or properties pleasing to the eye or ear, the intellect, the æsthetic faculty or the moral sense." This is open to the objection that according to it there can be no beauty in a single grace or property, but only in an "assemblage" of such. The so-called Standard Dictionary gives this definition: "The quality of objects, as in nature, art, or mind, that appeals to and gratifies the æsthetic nature or faculty." Inasmuch, however, as the æsthetic nature is defined in the same dictionary as "a nature that appreciates beauty" we have here a mere tautology. It is as if one should profess to define vision by saying "Vision is the act of the visual organ." The Century Dictionary gives the following: "That quality of the object by virtue of which the contemplation of it directly excites pleasurable emotions." This, however, is quite wide of the mark; for it applies to the comic quality of a clever caricature as fully as it does to the charm of a perfect rose. All these attempts at definition show the truth of the saying that the simplest of our ideas are the hardest to define. Where so many experts have failed I can hardly hope to succeed. Nor is a logical definition essential to our present purpose. It will be sufficient to say that we are accustomed to call an object, act, or being beautiful when, and in proportion as, we pleasurablely perceive in it an approach to, or a full realization of, ideal perfection. Strictly speaking, the perfection is not itself beauty; we call it such only when, or in proportion as, it pleasurablely affects some mind capable of relishing perfection. The beautiful, thus described, covers all forms of beauty wherever found. These are innumerable. In the physical world perfect flower and perfect fruit are alike beautiful. Shelley's "Ode to Intellectual Beauty" shows us what the lover of the beautiful may discover in the world of thought. Edmund Spenser's "Hymn to Heavenly Beauty" takes us yet higher. Beginning with the earthly elements he carries us upward, through heaven above heaven, until in the seventh we are lost in glories spiritual and unpicturable. That is one of the hymns we should read oftener.

Some of the forms of beauty about us are partial, as when we see beautiful features or members connected with a body that is deformed. Some of them vary in degree while the same in quality; as, for example, the beauty of a cubical Kohinoor, with only six fair facets, compared with the dazzling beauty of the same gem when given a thousand added facets. Some of the forms of beauty are as evanescent as the rainbow; some as permanent as the azure arch in which from the beginning of the world all rainbows have been hung. But, numberless and varied as may be the kinds and forms of beauty in the world, one thing remains forever true, and that is that to us nothing ever appears beautiful which does not pleasurablely suggest the ideal perfection of its kind by showing us a more or less complete approach to that perfection. Beauty and perfection being thus mutually conditioned, it is self-evident that the most perfect beauty in the universe can be found only in the most perfect being. Supremely beautiful can that one alone be in whom supreme perfection forever dwells. Of all embodiments or impersonations of the beautiful, therefore, the highest, the loveliest, the most entrancing, is God.

Let us not be startled by this assertion; above all, let no one dismiss it as the delirious dream of some Christian mystic. No Christian experience, or even Christian teaching, is needed to bring one to this insight. Pagan thinkers have reached it. Plato reached it. Listen to the terms in which the beauty of God is described by him. In his dialogue entitled "The Banquet" he puts into the mouth of one speaker this language:

There is a beauty eternal, unbegotten, and imperishable, exempt from decay as well as increase; which is not beautiful in such a part and ugly in such another; beautiful only at such a time in such a place, in such a relation; beautiful for some, ugly for others—a beauty that has no sensible form, no visage, no hands, nothing corporeal; which is not such a thought or such a particular perception; which resides not in any being different from itself, as an animal, the earth, the heavens, or any other things; which is absolutely identical and invariable by itself; a beauty in which all other beauties participate, yet in such a way that their birth or their destruction neither diminishes nor increases, nor in the least changes it!

Fired by the thought of such a matchless and indestructible beauty, the speaker cries out:

O my dear Socrates, that which can give value to this life is the vision of eternal beauty. . . . What would be the destiny of a mortal to whom it should be granted to contemplate the beautiful without alloy, in its purity and simplicity, no longer clothed with the flesh and hues of humanity, and with all those vain charms that are doomed to perish; to whom it should be given to see under its sole form, face to face, the divine beauty!

Wonderful words! Thrice wonderful in the mouth of an ancient Gentile teacher. How seldom have we Christians meditated upon the supernal charm of God's perfect beauty until we have longed with Plato's intensity to behold it, as he says, "face to face"!

The question that now thrusts itself upon us is: "How can we best rise to this vision of God's absolute beauty?" Plato in the same dialogue gives the best direction that a pagan could, and it is in these words:

In order to arrive at this perfect beauty it is necessary to commence with the beauties of this lower world, and, the eyes being fixed upon the supreme beauty, to elevate ourselves unceasingly towards it by passing, so to speak, through all degrees of the scale; from a single beautiful object to two, from two to all others; from beautiful objects to beautiful sentiments; from beautiful sentiments to beautiful thoughts; until from thought to thought we arrive at the highest thought, which has no other object than the beautiful itself, until we end by knowing it as it is in itself.

That was the answer of a thinker; and we cannot doubt that in following it this great Greek soul attained the splendid vision he a moment ago set before us. It is the road that other great sages have trodden—the path of pure devotional contemplation.

The Hebrew was enabled to give another and a better answer. His God was not, like Plato's, silent, unapproachable, hidden in the awful abysses of infinity. No; he dwelt among his people and held personal communion with them. He invited them to dwell in his tabernacle and to see for themselves his beauty. Hence the Psalmist breaks out in these impassioned words: "One thing have I desired of Jehovah; that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of Jehovah all the days of my life, to behold the beauty

of Jehovah." Fellowship, familiar, intimate, continuous fellowship with Jehovah was, in his view, the one effectual way in which to behold the beauty of Jehovah. Even to-day I doubt if any man can improve upon that answer. Best of all, the Psalmist had in some way learned that God's beauty was transmissible to men, so that he could pray, in words significant beyond measure, "The beauty of Jehovah, our God, *be upon us.*"

From this contemplation of the consummate beauty of God and this consideration of the paths by which we may come to behold it, and to share it, we ought to derive some practical lessons of great value in our personal and social religious experience.

First of all, we ought to realize as never before that all beauty is of God, a part of his self-revelation, and, as such, entitled to be considered and treated as always and everywhere sacred. The holiness of beauty is not sufficiently recognized in any part of the Christian world. A church which should devote itself to the emphasizing of the divineness of beauty would fulfill a more important function than do many of the communions which now pride themselves upon the possession of some otherwise neglected feature in the total teaching of Christ. Just as certainly as all perfection in the creature conducts back to the plan and purpose of the perfect Creator, so all the beauty of creaturely perfection is grounded in God and possesses the sanctity of such an origin.

Again, if in the created world every gleam and glint of beauty is but the outshining of a divine perfection of thought and purpose, we ought to realize, as we have rarely done, if ever, the sacramental purpose of all creaturely beauty. All forms of natural grace may be, and should be, means of spiritual grace, helping the soul to love the things eternally lovely. Indeed, in what other way could God so effectually lure the right-minded to love his own perfection and to desire participation therein? On the other hand, what profanation can be so great as when a creature divinely gifted with beauty employs it only to feed its own consuming pride and vanity, or perhaps to lure fellow creatures to their eternal destruction? In every such case the perversion of beauty is as diabolic as the gift perverted is divine.

Again, if what we have been saying be true, the time ought

not to be far distant when the appreciation and cultivation of the beautiful in all departments of life can be taken up, not as a form of self-indulgence, but as a genuine service to God and as a recognized means of grace to men. Why should we tolerate the ugly in any of its avoidable forms? The nun who invests her form in the ugliest costume that her Superior can invent is taking the wrong road. If, with an equally absolute devotion and from the same motive, namely, *to please God*, she could clothe herself as God clothes the lily, she would be more in the line of his own method. The sin she is trying to escape is pride, or vanity, but many a nun has made the bitter discovery that, after she has irrevocably made the full and life-long surrender of everything pleasing to the æsthetic sense, she has to contend against the new and sorer temptation to be proud or vain of her very sacrifice. In like manner the Puritan or Mohammedan iconoclast who raves against all enrichment and adornment of our earthly temples himself ardently sighs for that heavenly temple in which, in producing a perfect worship, everything that the universe offers of beauty is to be brought together and harmonized. Let us who have here united in this meditation not be guilty of such inconsistency. If the world's beauty is to find its ultimate consummation in the loveliness of the new heavens and the new earth, let us by cultivating beauty hasten that consummation. And the way to cultivate this world-consummating beauty is to see God in every beautiful object, act, or aim, and to pray constantly that the beauty of the Lord our God may be upon us, his children. Whoever, by prayer and meditation and good works, wins one least new touch of the divine beauty contributes that much to the earlier incoming of the new and perfect world-order.

Finally, let us dwell more in our thoughts upon the intimate and unalterable equation between God's love and God's loveliness. God is beautiful, not merely because he embodies in himself every conceivable perfection of nature and character, but also because all his activities culminate in the highest of conceivable activities: that of boundless, matchless, endless love. The loveliest thing in the universe is love; and God is love. The essence of the eternal bliss of heaven was often defined by the mediæval saints as the

"vision of God." The definition is correct if it include the vision of the perfect loveliness of perfect love. Let us dwell upon the thought until our hearts burn within us and, like Faber, we can sing:

"My God, how wonderful thou art!
Thy majesty how bright!
How beautiful thy mercy-seat
In depths of burning light!

"How beautiful, how beautiful,
The sight of thee must be:
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
And awful purity!

"Father of Jesus, love's reward,
What rapture will it be
Prostrate before thy throne to lie
And gaze and gaze on thee!"

William F. Warren.

GOD'S EDUCATION OF MAN

ONE day, many years ago now, Blaikie's well-known volume, *Culture and Religion*, was mentioned in Bishop Warren's presence, a presence in which the mention of good books was always easy. Promptly he indicated his intimate and happy acquaintance with it, and added, significantly, "That is one of the books I intended to write." Maybe we have in "*The Bible in the World's Education*" something of what would have gone into the volume that never was written. The subject at the head of this brief article is the title of a book by the late president of Bowdoin College, the Rev. William De Witt Hyde, whose early death all churches mourn. I did not intend to write his book, but have long meant to print a short testimony on this subject in view of the close relation to her educational work which the church has generously allowed me to have for nearly the whole of my life in the ministry. (There are a couple of books that another man set out to write and did not. I will not say what they are or who he was, but the unwritten volumes call to me at times with strange power. I wish somebody would write them. I wish somebody could.)

Definitions in these high regions do not seem to count for much. They do not, as a rule, seem large enough to cover the whole matter of process and intention, especially of process as governed by intention, of means as controlled by ends. Nor does a merely scholastic description adequately measure up to a thing which is so much more vital than technical, so much more a whole life matter than a merely scholastic life interest. Some words from Dr. Hyde are appropriate here: "The view which regards God and man as kindred, related to each other . . . as father and child, finds its most appropriate analogy in that drawing out of the small into the great, of the imperfect into the perfect, the growing into the complete life, which we call education." Life is the aim, as life is the final test of all educational and religious theories. If they will not bear the test of life they break down.

Those that have not borne that test in the long centuries have broken down. Those that are not bearing it are breaking down before our eyes. Nothing in the war has been more tragic to many than the breakdown of German scholarship at the point of life. Dear James Hope Moulton, the last time I saw him, wept over this collapse as indicated by the defense of Germany issued by her scholars. He was not bitter against men he had loved and from whom he had learned; he was broken-hearted over their failure in life's supreme test.

Now how can the case be put so that it will make its appeal to life, so that it will touch heights and depths of personality, so that it will include those processes commonly regarded as educational and those commonly regarded as religious, so that the supreme principle of redemption shall run clear through all the experiences of life, vitalizing and unifying them, and leading finally to completeness in Jesus Christ? In other words, what is God, our heavenly Father, trying to do with us and to make out of us? The answer must really be the same for both education and religion. There must be something far deeper than a mechanical harmony, an absence of conflict. There must be unity and identity in the depths of these processes and ends. The answer may seem too simple for the pages of a Review, especially in an anniversary number, but I must set it down in simplicity, in view of my object in giving my testimony.

1. God is now trying, as he has always been trying, to get people who shall be like him in character and life. His aim is always personality for a purpose, a total personality for a holy purpose. He is not simply aiming at efficiency for success, but at personality for life's high and complete uses. This conception lifts the theory of education at once clear out of the narrow, shallow view that it is chiefly a matter of mental training or the acquisition of information. It also lifts the theory of salvation out of the narrow, shallow view that it is exclusively a transaction in the realm of emotion and conduct. And it gets rid of the supposed contradictions between educational and religious aims and processes. It has sometimes been assumed that grace has nothing to do with educational life and the intellect nothing to do with reli-

gious experience. This conception of God's purpose takes account of personality as a whole. It identifies education, not with going to college or with staying away, but with that total divine movement by which an alien person and an alien race are recovered from their sin, their ignorance, and their rebellion, put in their true place in the spiritual world, made partakers of the full life of God himself, and trained for their true place and full service in the world of man.

There have been many theories of the aim of education from Aristotle to the present, such as training for Greek citizenship, training for ecclesiastical uses, creation of "sweetness and light" for their own sake, training in practical skill and vocational power, training "to enable one to exploit the community for his own benefit," training for efficiency, the modern deity, training for character and for human service. All these theories have been and are influential in educational life and practice. Emphasis has been laid upon one or another phase and feature. But we are thinking now not of the schools technically, and their aims, but of God's own large and universal effort in the race and with it; the purpose for which he revealed himself in one personal life that he might show what a real personal life is at its best; the purpose for which he chose us before creation that we might be complete in him, the purpose which includes the race and the races and runs through the ages. That purpose of God covers schools, churches, homes, personal influence and tuition, all the educational and redemptive agencies and processes, all the lessons and discipline given to men and nations. It has for its high aim the creation and existence of men and races who shall be like God himself in character, purpose, and life.

We have not sufficiently regarded the friendly, near-human elements in God's character and life. We have set him on high, as we ought, and set him apart, as we ought not. There is no other desire on his part equal to the desire to have his children resemble him, no other achievement on man's part equal to the achievement of a sane, true resemblance to him in personal life and character in all the points common to him and us. This is his aim for men and peoples, for individual education and race development. This

lifts the whole theory of education away above all low levels, up to heights where the light of redemption steadily shines.

2. God is now trying, as he has always been trying, to get people to help him work out his gracious, good plans in the world. Education has to do with conduct as it has with character. Likeness in personality is not an end in itself, nor can it end in itself without ruin. The outflow must equal the intake if even the stream of life is to be kept sweet. Likeness in activity, in purpose, in the consecration of total personality, is also essential in God's education of man. The better view of God as supremely interested, not in himself, but in humanity, as the supreme helper and servant of mankind rather than the infinite seeker of service to himself, as the supreme giver rather than the supreme receiver of gifts, has enormous practical, personal implications. "For their sakes" he is always offering himself up, always consecrating himself. Probably never in our world has God's devotion to humanity been so active, so necessarily active, as in these indescribable days. He is surely the least complacent person in the universe in this supreme world tragedy. Now one can easily imagine a discerning, sensitive, responsive soul, upon becoming conscious of the character of God as seen in Jesus Christ, saying with all humility but with overwhelming intensity: "If that is what he is I must be like him. That there should be such a person and I should not be like him would be the utter failure of my own personality." And one can just as readily understand how such a person would gladly and wholly submit to and cooperate with those influences and processes which would finally bring about that likeness, so that the very beauty of the Lord would be on a man. And one can also see how such a soul, seeing God's vast and beautiful plans for persons, races, and worlds; plans slowly working out; plans halting and hindered for lack of proper helpers, would cry out in deepest humility and utmost consecration: "If that is what God has on his hands in the world I must help him. That there should be such an enterprise and I should be out of it would mean the utter failure and waste of life." In God's education of man there must be response not only to the personal perfection but to the divine program of the Master.

It seems strange that men should ever have been confused as to God's need of men and races to help him with his program; that we should believe in freedom and be fatalists in spite of our belief; that we should blindly believe that everything will come out all right at last just because God is God. This is an utter misreading of many passages and a fatal misunderstanding of omnipotence. The truth is that his being God, and being such a God, makes it a perfect tragedy that for lack of human help so many things do not turn out right at all. His plans and purposes ought all to turn out right. Not one of them should fail or be defeated. There is no room in a thoughtful mind for complacency in this matter. Men, races, nations, and churches have too sadly failed God both at the point of resemblance to him and cooperation with him. He chose the Jews that they should be like him, and that they might help him bless the world. The history of their response is not agreeable, pleasant reading to anybody, to Methodists or other Christians, to Americans or other people. Being a chosen people is not comfortable in the high view of it; not comfortable but very challenging and appealing. Election is a serious thing in any age.

The educational theory all too current does not go deep enough. It does not identify the educated person, as it should, with that other One, who was the "express image," and who walked the straight way even though it was a rough way with a cross in its path. He never failed God either in resemblance or in cooperation. He was perfectly like him in character and life and he perfectly helped him in plan and purpose. In this presence and in this day education does not look like the comfortable and exalted privilege of a favored few. It does not seem to be a thing just for the few. Maybe only the few will go to college, but God's education of man contemplates the creation of a true democracy of character and service, not a democracy of comfort. Making lives like his is not easy, working out God's good plans in the world not comfortable for him or his helpers. But he is working to get people to be like him in character and purpose and to get people to help him in the world. His education of man involves no less than this.

3. God is trying now, as he has ever been trying, to get people to be with him. God is not self-sufficient. He does not crave solitude and solitariness. A true father cares quite as much for his children as his children care for their father. He seeks to have them with him even more eagerly than they seek to be with him. There are moments in the life of Jesus that are perfectly pathetic in their indication of his craving for fellowship. The rich young ruler, with so many points of resemblance and such immense power to help, walked straight out of the program of service and straight out of the fellowship which Jesus craved much more than the young man did. One day when Jesus apparently feared that the group nearest him might weakly go off with the others who were loosely attached to him, he said a thing to them that makes men wince now as they think of its deep meaning: "Will you also go away?" It would have made an immeasurable difference to him to lose them out of his life, not simply as helpers but as companions. He chose certain to be with him. He is always doing it. His solitude and loneliness are very real, but not to his liking. We make no mistake in reading back into the divine heart and life the deepest, highest, best things in our own hearts and lives. We honor him by recognizing his desire for companionship. He wants friends to share his life and counsels even more than he wants servants, however faithful. He likes to call people friends quite as much as people like to be called friends. The Bible is shot through with this fundamental principle. It culminates in the four Gospels and their far-reaching outcome for life and personality. It is a barren view of education and a barren view of the life of Jesus that fails to see the relation of his life to the life of an educated man. Technicalities must never be permitted to destroy or obscure realities in life. Jesus perfectly met and fulfilled these three profound conditions of character, service, and fellowship; likeness, usefulness, and companionship; personality, cooperation, and association. No wonder God delighted in him. For this one time, in this one life, God's everlasting plans and ideals were realized. In this one life he proved that his visions were not visionary, that his plans for a personal life were not impossible plans. With all allowance

for what was unique and exceptional in Jesus may we not, must we not, believe that God is still trying to conform men to the same image of character, service, and fellowship? The process is long, and evidently slow. Anyone else would grow weary and give it up; but the everlasting God faints not and is not weary, but works patiently ahead with the children of men trying "to draw them out of the small into the great, out of the imperfect into the perfect, out of the partial into the complete"; trying to get people who shall be like him in character and life, who shall help him fulfill his good plans in the world, who shall be with him in the fellowship of the age and the ages. This is what he is trying to make of us, to work out in us and through us. Whenever it is achieved in a person or a group God is well pleased again.

William Frazer McDowell

UNIFICATION

THE union of the different branches of American Methodism and the reunion of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and the Methodist Episcopal Church are alike impracticable. Such union would be on the basis of each branch finding its irreducible minimum of concession rather than seeking the essentials for maximum efficiency, and the reaction would engender suspicion, regret, and unrest. But the wisdom, and the consequent obligation, of American Methodism to unify by reorganizing its resources into one inclusive, thoroughly articulated and aggressive church commends itself for many reasons. Among which are the following:

a. It is essential to coaptation of administration, economy of resource, and largest usefulness.

b. It is in accord with the Divine purpose. Christ prayed for the unity of his disciples.

c. It is in accord with the laws of development. The origin of humanity was individualistic, in the garden; its consummation is communistic, amid the mutualities of the Eternal City.

d. It is in accord with the spirit of the times. This is the age of the syndicating of industries, which is but a material expression of the spirit of unity.

In the reorganization of American Methodism there is to be no compromise of any spiritual truth nor modification of any doctrine. It has to do solely with methods of supervision and increasing productiveness.

When two or more organizations propose to syndicate they submit all their corporate possessions to reorganization. Everything which will serve the larger purpose is included as an asset, anything which would not contribute to efficiency is considered inept, and no matter how highly it may be revered for past service it is excluded. So to the reorganization of the two branches of Episcopal Methodism each brings all its material possessions and organized ministries: governmental, evangelistic, benevolent, educational, publishing.

	Preachers	Communicants	Church Property Value at	Including	
				Church Buildings	Parsonages
One brings its	7,507	2,154,307	\$72,662,713	17,395	5,338
The other brings its.	20,504	4,283,289	\$253,821,205	30,738	14,872

Nothing is withheld by either. Neither has exceeded in sacrifice. Neither will have preference over the other in the reorganization. There will be no "other." Each will have become a part and partner of the whole. The "Joint Commission" is to make a new appraisement of the joint possessions for unified endeavor in the conquest of the world for Jesus Christ. Everything which may be serviceable will find its adjustment, everything which is not virile will be excluded.

The General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church appointed twenty-five commissioners, not to dominate the reorganization, nor primarily to represent its contributions, nor to guard its special interests in the reorganizing; else it would have insisted that the number of commissioners should be proportionate to the contributions of each church: about two thirds to one third.

But the Methodist Episcopal Church requested the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, to appoint an equal number, that these fifty joint commissioners, with identical authority and jointly, might appraise all the two sister churches had to contribute, and formulate a plan whereby the reorganized church might register the greatest service for the kingdom of God, and submit the same to the respective General Conferences.

e. Unification by reorganization would be an expression of the spirit of American Methodism essential to the accomplishment of its mission.

The Reformation was an individualistic movement. When the Roman Catholic hierarchy, which is an absolute autocracy, had submerged personality and held men enthralled by ignorance and superstition, Luther's message came disintegrating the sodden mass by calling every man, personally, to "repentance toward God and faith in Jesus Christ." The Wesleyan movement is

communistic. John Wesley's message of "sanctification"—transformation into the likeness of God—and "adoption into the family of God through the Holy Spirit" was consequential to the Lutheran movement, but it coordinates with God and with each other every man who experiences sanctification. The passion to extend the kingdom of Christ through witnessing to this personal experience of God, reliance upon the Holy Spirit and independence as to form of church government are vital to American Methodism and account for its growth. Enlarging powers and increasing responsibilities demand new adjustments. Methodism must face its widening horizons, and reorganize its developing resources, or forfeit leadership.

It is a notable fact that, notwithstanding American Methodism has differentiated into a score of branches, there has never been a schism on doctrine. Every new church organization has been born of its passion to extend the kingdom of God through a modified form of governmental supervision. In 1828 the Methodist Protestant Church was formed to embody the contention of the "Radicals" that the laity, as an integral part of the Church, should share its responsibilities, and all evangelical churches today embody this principle. In 1845 many Methodists believed the attitude of their Church toward certain established conditions would prevent its growth within their area. They expressed their passion for extending the Kingdom within their environment by organizing the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. The Methodist Episcopal Church has indorsed this principle of local government adjusted to local conditions, as seen in its Central Conferences of Southern Asia, Eastern Asia, and Europe, and in a modified form in the relation of its Bishops to their residential areas. Further, the two General Conferences approved this principle in the tentative plan they suggested as "a basis of reorganization." So with the organization of every branch of our Church. American Methodism is an evangelism organized for aggressive and constructive ministry. Its machinery is subservient to its mission. Efficiency through differentiation has prepared the way for greater efficiency through coordination. It is high time that the provincial broaden into the cosmopolitan, and the individual-

istic find its consummation in connection with the communistic. To realize this the Joint Commission on Unification by Reorganization was created. Its functions are investigation, classification, and formulation of a plan for reorganization.

The Joint Commission must of necessity do one of three things: It might adjourn with the declaration that it is unable to suggest a plan. But in view of the unanimity and enthusiasm with which the two General Conferences created the Commission for this specific purpose, the general expectancy of both branches of the Church, the commissioners' manifest purpose to complete their task before May, 1918, and the progress already made, that action is unthinkable. The alternatives are: either to agree upon a plan with practical unanimity, or, if there should be some point, or more than one, on which the Commissioners fail to agree, to present majority and minority reports for the respective General Conferences to harmonize and submit to the Annual Conferences for final action.

In formulating the plan everything pertaining to American Methodism as represented in these two branches, except its Doctrines and the Restrictive Rules, is in the hands of the Joint Commission, to be so incorporated, modified, or eliminated, as to secure the best regulated administration and serve the largest spiritual aggressiveness of the reorganized Church. For example, while the quasi "veto power" of the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, has much to commend it, it deals only with such phases of legislation as have constitutional implications, and the Bishops might be called upon to interpret legislation involving episcopal procedure; likewise, the Committee on Judiciary of the Methodist Episcopal Church, with its decisions subject to the General Conference which created it, and sitting only during the session of said Conference, is open to serious criticism. A proposed Judicial Council, so selected as to be impartially related to the questions submitted, with independent and comprehensive functions and continuous approach, may indicate a possible improvement.

To reorganize the church government so as to include the Quadrennial, Jurisdictional, or Regional Conference idea (by

whatever name it may be known) proposed in the "suggestions" for a "plan" which both General Conferences "approved" as "tentative," but "containing the basic principles of a genuine unification," will require a readjustment of the powers and limitations of the various existing Conferences. But in this, as in all other matters pertaining to reorganization, there are certain principles which the Commissioners should regard as fundamental to the work assigned them. The Commission was instructed to "reorganize" American Methodism, not reconstruct it. Therefore there should be no radical change in its organic law, fundamental principles, or essential methods of interpretation. But the expression of these may be modified so as to adjust them to larger ideals and increased usefulness in the reorganized Church. The objective sought "by the method of reorganization" is not segregation but "unification." American Methodism is to be reorganized for adjustment to the inclusive purpose of Christ, who "hath made of one blood all nations of men," and tasted death for every man, "that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord." Therefore the constitution of the reorganized Church should exclude all special legislation for or against any section, race, or class, and include nothing but fundamental principles of universal application to all peoples. The Disciplines of our two branches of the Church are almost identical in their fundamental law. Neither has any legal discrimination against the rights and privileges of any member, nor concerning any section, race, or class of men, as such, and for the reorganized Church to meet present and prospective responsibilities will require no extra legislation, nor any modification of either Discipline, other than to broaden the application of their provisions and define more exactly the Conference functions.

Among many suggestions for reorganization the following, in my judgment, include the essentials of a thoroughly practicable plan. They conserve every vital interest and protect the connective unity; they embody the spirit of American Methodism and require but few changes in either Discipline; they secure liberty for local adjustment and administration and are of universal application; they provide for careful supervision, and would

greatly augment the impact of American Methodism in its world mission.

THE GENERAL CONFERENCE

1. It should be composed of an equal number of ministerial and lay delegates.

2. The basis of representation should be the bona fide membership of the church in full connection.

Because of sparse population and small membership in some of the Conferences—foreign language, frontier, and mission (including foreign, home, and colored work),—there is great inequality under the present plan of representation. One Annual Conference, with only 924 members of the Church, has *two* delegates in the General Conference; another Conference with 104,707 members, has *only twelve* delegates. The members in the small Conference have *nineteen times* the numerical representation of an equal number in the large Conference.

Six small Conferences with a total of 7,187 full members have *twelve* delegates, or an average of *one* delegate for less than 600 members; but *four* large Conferences having an aggregate of 396,873 members are entitled to but *one* delegate for an average of 7,632 members. These small Conferences have *twelve* General Conference delegates for a smaller aggregate membership than is required for *one* delegate from the large Conferences.

In these six small Conferences, 67 charges have less than 48 members each, or only 1,759 in all, while in the four large Conferences there are 31 charges with *over* 1,000 members each, or 39,532 in all. One member in these small Conferences has as much representation numerically as *forty-seven* members in these large Conferences. Similar discrepancies exist in both branches of Methodism.

This is a serious injustice,

a. To our members resident within the provincial conditions of the small Conference. In fifteen such Conferences *one per cent* of our membership is required to provide for *four per cent* of our General Conference delegates who are responsible for dealing with great connectional interests and world problems.

b. To the large Conferences, including cosmopolitan centers,

with broad vision, identified with world movements, used to comprehensive thinking and generous cooperation. Four such Conferences, including more than *sixteen per cent* of our membership, are limited in their representation to *six and one half per cent* of the delegates, or about *one tenth* of the proportion required of the small Conferences.

c. To the entire Church, for it is inimical to wise legislation and largest development.

3. The General Conference should be presided over by one, or not more than three, coordinate presiding officers, selected by the Board of Bishops for that purpose from their own number.

4. It should determine the qualifications for the episcopacy. Fix the number to be elected Bishops by each Regional and Subregional Conference. Confirm the election to the episcopacy. Assign the Bishops quadrennially to the Regional and Subregional Conference areas, after consultation with the General Conference delegates from the jurisdictions affected. Retire the Bishops at a determined age-limit, or for cause after careful investigation.

5. Determine from time to time, with the concurrence of the General Conference delegates from the jurisdictional areas involved, the boundaries of Regional and Subregional Conferences, and of the Regional Mission Areas.

6. Have full power, for all distinctively connectional legislation, consistent with the Restrictive Rules and its constitutional limitations.

REGIONAL CONFERENCES, SUBREGIONAL CONFERENCES, AND REGIONAL MISSION AREAS

"Constitutional and administrative discrimination between groups of colored or racial descent is unjust and anti-scriptural, but a temporary and overcomable discrimination on the ground of admitted diversity of present capacity to serve the universal cause is quite a different thing." The Disciplines of both Churches differentiate their administrative organizations on the basis of

- a. Numerical strength,
- b. Ecclesiastical efficiency, and
- c. Ability to maintain and extend Church life.

They create Annual Conferences, Mission Conferences, and Missions on this recognized basis. Applying the same principles in extending the administration to larger areas, we should have Regional Conferences, Subregional Conferences, and Regional Mission Areas.

1. Each *Regional Conference* should include such contiguous and practically homogeneous Annual Conferences, Mission Conferences and Missions as would constitute a jurisdictional area predominantly

- a. Self-supporting,
- b. Ecclesiastically well developed, and
- c. Practically identified with the great world movements of the Church.

2. Each *Subregional Conference* and *Regional Mission Area* should include such Annual Conferences, Mission Conferences and Missions as naturally group together, and would constitute a jurisdictional area predominantly

- a. Dependent upon assistance from the benevolent and educational organizations of the Church,
- b. With limited ecclesiastical development, and
- c. With but partially developed vision of and practical identification with the great world movements of the Church.

3. Each *Regional Conference* and each *Subregional Conference* should be empowered

- a. To elect the number of Bishops which the General Conference shall determine should be elected by said Regional or Subregional Conference, subject, however, to the confirmation of the General Conference.
- b. To determine within its jurisdictional area the homes of the Bishops assigned to it.
- c. To fix the boundaries of its Annual Conferences, Mission Conferences, and Missions, subject to the concurrence of the Conferences affected.
- d. To legislate on all local questions within its jurisdictional area, subject, however, to the action of the General Conference on all connectional matters, and to the decisions of the Judicial Council as to the legality of its acts.

4. Each *Regional Conference*

a. Should include within its jurisdictional area a minimum of 700,000 bona fide members in full connection.

b. Be entitled to one ministerial and one lay delegate in the General Conference for every 14,000 bona fide members of the Church in full connection within its jurisdictional area.

This would make possible six Regional Conferences within the United States. Should the minimum be fixed at 600,000 it would make possible eight Regional Conferences.

5. Each *Sub-Regional Conference*

a. Should include within its jurisdictional area a minimum of 100,000 bona fide members in full connection.

b. Have authority to select two ministerial and two lay delegates to the General Conference for every 100,000 bona fide members in full connection within its jurisdictional area.

This relation of the Subregional Conference to the Regional Conference and to the Church as a whole would be similar to that of our Territories and States to the United States government.

6. Each *Regional Mission Area*

a. Should include a minimum of 40,000 bona fide members of the Church in full connection and be entitled to select one ministerial and one lay delegate to the General Conference for every 40,000 bona fide members of the Church within its area.

b. Be administered under such regulations as the General Conference shall make from time to time.

The minimum memberships suggested for the Subregional Conferences and Regional Mission Areas are not academic. This would make possible three Subregional Conferences—one for Eastern Asia, one for Southern Asia, each with approximately 100,000 full members, and one for the 300,811 colored members in full connection, including the 8,512 in Africa; also two Regional Mission Areas—one for Latin America, with about 42,000 full members, and one for Europe, including the white members in Northern Africa and the Madeira Islands.

The discrepancy between the minimum requirement of 700,000 members for a Regional Conference, the 100,000 for a Subregional Conference, and the 40,000 for the Regional Mission

Area, and the further discrepancies of ecclesiastical development, ability for self-support, and to serve the Church in advancing its world movements, require that the number of General Conference delegates representing these various jurisdictional areas should be restricted accordingly. Otherwise they would be unduly burdened with responsibilities for which, as yet, they have had no adequate preparation, and endanger the thorough and comprehensive consideration and wisest legislation concerning questions of world significance.

If the Colored Methodist Episcopal Church should unite with the colored members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, or be constituted a separate Subregional Conference, that would add eight General Conference delegates and make twenty colored delegates in the General Conference.

While there were eighty-six colored delegates in the last General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, that is no proper basis for judging the question of their equitable representation, for while the colored members of the Church in full connection include but 8.07 per cent of the total, they had more than 10 per cent of the delegates, or 26 per cent more than their numerical proportion. When the two branches of the Church are unified the colored members will constitute about *five* per cent of the total membership.

Small Conferences and the ministerial basis greatly aggravate the discrepancies in representation. For example

WHITE			COLORED		
Conferences	Delegates	Full Members	Conferences	Delegates	Full Members
1	12	104,707	3	12	21,429
1	22	151,691	5	22	30,605

In each case the colored members had *five* times their numerical proportion of the delegates.

Our colored work receives annually about \$500,000 through our Benevolent and Educational Boards, or over \$400,000 more than its aggregate contributions to the general connectional causes. This and other considerations make it predominantly as truly missionary as our work in Asia, Latin America, or Europe.

The wide range in racial maturity, social development, and helpfulness among our widely scattered and variously envired missionary units, of which our colored membership constitutes one, demand wise adjustment. As Mr. Wesley says, "Responsibility and power can be intrusted to an individual or a race only so far as it is able to use that power and meet that responsibility." In order that these members may realize the largest opportunity for self-interpretation and consequent self-dependence and development, not be embarrassed with unreasonable demands, but be so adjusted as to help, and not hinder, the great connectional movements, each missionary unit, when sufficiently developed, should be organized into a Subregional Conference.

There should be no insuperable objection, as there can be no reasonable one, to the equitable representation of the colored membership in the General Conference. Our sister Church has a considerable and growing colored membership, which she does not discriminate against by either legal limitation or statistical tabulation, and she is facing the possibility of colored delegates in her own General Conference from her Africa Mission, Cuba Mission, and Brazil Mission Conference. The Presbyterian General Assembly, North, at its recent session had thirty-two colored delegates. The Presbyterian General Assembly, South, and the Protestant Episcopal General Convention each include colored delegates. It would be more than a blunder for reorganized Methodism to establish a color line more rigid than other branches of evangelical Christianity working in the same field. It would be bad strategy to do so and unscriptural. It would contradict the unbroken record of American Methodism in the home land and in all her foreign fields, for she has been the leader of all evangelical Churches in her democratic attitude to humanity.

Geo. F. Goucher,

MISTAKEN PREACHING

WORD comes across the sea that our Wesleyan brethren have reported decrease of members annually for several years. And we often hear among ourselves that our congregations have not the old-time numbers and old-time earnest spirituality in hearing and in service. Our increase is a beggarly showing for our millions of workers.

What is the trouble? There must be a cause. Can we find it? If we cannot, we cannot provide a remedy. If we diagnose a disease incorrectly we shall use a wrong prescription, and it were better to use none. Almost every cause suggested in conditions of a new age is refuted by the experiences of past ages; carried to their conclusions they would destroy Christianity, and that would reverse civilization and revert to barbarism. The often-repeated explanation, that some preachers succeed because deeply religious while others fail because too secular, cannot always be true without an accusation which we are not competent to make. Revivals often follow a certain type of gifts rather than of graces. It is possible that these gifts may be cultivated,—cultivated, not imitated. But there seems to be no fixed order of spiritual manifestation. It is not in the intellects of men, their magnetism, or their temperament. These all are contravened by varying results. A consecrated church is not an explanation. Great harm has been done by marching and countermarching the church in altar and consecration services. It sometimes answers the purpose of preventing an appearance of defeat, but it were better to leave the burden unlifted and give the people no escape from it. Hammering the church never made a plowshare to turn the furrows to prepare fields for the whitening harvest. Wesley Church, Bath, Maine, was my first Conference church. Father Moulton, an old man, a blacksmith of splendid physique and a Christian of great common sense, once said to me, after one of my zealous but misguided attacks on the church: "Dominie, never hammer cold iron. You don't make nothin' and you spoil the iron."

In hunting around for a cause for spiritual dearth to-day as compared with the days of our fathers I would first search out the pulpits, the things that are preached, and the more I came to the plain Word the closer I would come to the source of spiritual power. I might come to great oratorical and popular power where there is no Word, but the Word preached with faith and confidence will enter the hearts of the hearers even from lips that are uncultivated and will remain there long after the mere ethical orator has been forgotten. God sent forth his Word. He is under bonds to make it a two-edged sword cutting its way to victory. He has pledged nothing else—neither philosophy, nor history, nor art, nor literature, nor forms of speech. These are adjunctive, and have a certain important relation to preaching the Word, but the Word succeeds without them and nothing can be substituted for the Word.

Has anyone a solitary instance when the Word was faithfully preached, fresh from the Bible, as a message, without substitution or mixture of man's wisdom, that it did not compel a hearing that was followed by the fruits of the Spirit? Whether preached with the learning of Paul or the illiteracy of one of the fishermen of Galilee, it has been alike effective. Our Lord has made his Word conspicuous by using it in the hands of the weak to confound the mighty. It was not the logic and courage of a Luther, or the scholarship of a Wesley, but it was the Word of Life that was the life of the great reformations which bear their names.

Anything that anticipates the Word is like a tree on a rocky ledge, anything that outruns it is like a tree which bears leaves only and soon withers. Are we preaching the Word of Life; not about it, but *it*? The Word of Life is Christ's personality, Christ born in the human heart. Every root of the new birth sends up new life. And it all has to do with the salvation of man. It is a piece of presumption that pushes this divine birth aside and puts in its place the speculative philosophies and sophistries of man, however entertaining and pleasing they may be. The test should be made experimentally; do such things hold a hearing, do they bear fruit of righteousness, are they associated with repentance, do they bear the peaceable fruits of righteousness? If not, is it

not waste of time to preach them?—and not our time; time bought with the price of blood.

If it is Christ's Word it can be preached in almost any way, any style, by any sincere and earnest voice, and it will be a message. Preaching that is not a message is a dead failure. The Word is a message, all the message that has been left here. It is the only message that the Spirit enforces. The Christian pulpit has been enormously perverted. The Word of Life has been suppressed and the opinions of men in creeds and in ethical philosophies have crowded into its place. Much in these has been useful as rules of living, but they have not been life, and a dead man cannot live rules. We need to show the people what to be, and not what to do. They can do nothing until they be. If we have too many people in our churches who are spiritually dead, it is because we have not fed them the Word, but dosed them with rules of conduct. Christ's rules related to the inside. Blessed are you because of what you are. A man without the spirit of power soon tires of trying to live the best rules of living ever laid down. One must first be things to do things.

In the old days men came to the churches to receive power. Now they come to take up burdens. The sermon is a homily upon what they ought to do. The Word is full of hope. Ethics are full of care and the discouragements of comparisons. The preaching of the Word sent the church home with songs in their hearts which they sang in their commonplace work and service. They made it a joy. Now we have taken on all sorts of forms of doing things. We are not doing too much, but the doing is in wrong relation to being. Why is the highest service in the world a mother's service? Because it is the highest love. Get the service into the heart and it will quickly find the hands. Fill the hands with service outside the heart and it will drop out of them as they drop down paralyzed by indifference.

The things that Christ brought into the world for men to preach are very few, very direct, very simple, and very convincing. We never have made Christians by trying to improve upon Christ's way. We have confused the church. We have driven men and women out of the church where we could have held them

and helped them. Our catalogues of obligations are addenda to the decalogue as comprising all the law. We bind on more phylacteries than did the Pharisees.

The infinite wisdom of Jesus Christ in human nature is seen in the few things he required men to do and not to do, and these were heart things. He taught that blessed is the man who is pure in heart and filled with righteousness. We have a different code: Blessed is the man who does not go to the theater, blessed is the man who does not dance, blessed is the man who does not play pinochle. We teach our people to think about things they never would think about if we did not put them into the body of our interdictions. If they have the Word of Life it is not necessary to talk to them about these things. We harm them by talking of such things. One of the most effectual ways of driving people out of the church is by bringing extraneous things into our pulpits. They are hungry for the rich, ripe fruit of the Word and we throw into their faces withered leaves scraped off the ground. Yes, the fathers preached against vices and follies, but they preached the power that saves men from them on the spot. We legislate them and put them into our Book of Discipline and expect that to save men. And forthwith they go to arguing the reasonableness of the rules pro and con and this becomes their religion and their testimony.

We have all seen men lose the true saving faith out of their hearts by wrangling over doctrines of which they could know nothing and whether they were true or false was of no importance. Of them it could be safely said, "Let every man be persuaded in his own mind." In a similar manner we have seen a congregation sent home to dispute over things allowed and disallowed, their minds turned entirely away from Christ as a present and instant Saviour. It was a great responsibility the pastor took that day. It is not strange that some of his congregation did not go back the next Sunday. The pulpit is not given to us to mend people's tastes and social habits, but to save men's souls. And the only way we can mend habits is by saving souls—and that is our Lord's business, whom we preach.

Three things which get in the place of the Word of Life are

pernicious. One is the commission which many ministers feel that they have to banish strange doctrines. It is a pity that that requirement was ever put in our Book of Discipline. It requires more wisdom and sound discretion than the average among us have. It is like legalizing every man to perform surgical operations. The first thing is to determine whether the operation needs to be done, and the next is how to do it and save life. Some theological surgeons seem to think it should be done even if it destroys life. All men who can cut are not surgeons. They may be wood choppers, or meat cutters, or stone cutters, or bog turf cutters, or veterinarians. It requires infinite skill to cut into a human heart and attempt to dissect it and cut away what is wrong and leave a condition of health. Who is sufficient for these things? There are corpses strewn all along the highway of the churches by these "false doctors," butchers—corpses of men and women, and corpses of churches also. Preach the Word into the heart with love. It will cure false doctrines if they can be cured at all.

Another thing that gets in the place of the Word is use of the small cords in the temple: censoriousness, severity, the sharp edge. I once knew a great and good man who started out to keep a list of every act and word and manner of a member which he thought could justly be condemned, and after some months he opened the little book of memoranda. There was an explosion that blew that minister out of that pulpit. It is needless to say that that list of faults had been reflected in the sermons and all of the people were starving for the gospel. They could not thrive on spoiled meats. You may say that Christ applied the scourge of small cords and drove offenders out of the temple. If you have the wisdom of Christ you might try it. But I would fear lest I strike one of the little ones. I might hurt a lamb instead of a wolf in sheep's clothing. When I am as wise as Christ I will dare to take up the scourge of small cords; not until then. Immense mischief has been done by men who have felt that they had a commission to weed the tares out of the wheat. The tares seem to grow more vigorously, but much of the wheat is uprooted and the community is set by the ears. Never any good comes of it. It is a plain disobedience of Christ. He will not bless it.

Another thing that gets into the pulpit and throws out the Word of Life is the tendency to gauge the spirituality of the congregation or some people in it by self-exacted standards in the application of gospel truths severely, the feeding of meat when a wise diagnostician would know that milk is required. The preaching of holiness indiscriminately leaves the sinner unrepentant and unsaved. It is wiser to teach some things in the class meeting, and prescient wisdom is needed there. The full deep work of grace exhibited in modest expression with the brethren is the best preaching of holiness. It is convincing. Holiness is not an argument or a harangue. It is a life, and it comes, like life, without observation. The love of Christ, not the censoriousness of the brethren or the accusativeness of the preacher, is the way to holiness. Holiness is not in acts and professions, but in a full heart quietly consecrated. Out of the heart springs the outward life. Leave him alone with his Lord. He will lead him. Preaching holiness with satanic vehemence switches many devout people off the maintrack. Christ taught first the stock, then the ear of full corn, but it was one quality all the way up. The stock could not bear anything but the ear. It would do that or nothing. Brotherly love, and patience, and hope, and joy—that is the best way to promote holiness. That is the best kind; fragrant, fruitful, and of powerful example to the unrepentant. The unsaved are not likely to go to a place where there is nothing for them and where the preaching is altogether beyond their comprehension. They will go where things are said that hit their lives and that they know they need and must have.

The great demonstration of the Word of Life is in human hearts, and we need have no fear that it can be out-argued or out-scienceed or out-dated. It never depended upon the defense of logicians, it is not involved in a system of theology. Churches might fail, and systems of belief decay, but so long as there is a human heart with sin in it, and without hope in it, there is a demand for the Word of Life. And it is a demand that never can be satisfied by anything besides. The first thing is the source of salvation, personal and direct, before Sunday schools, Epworth Leagues, and Christian Associations, and all the bewildering and

complex forms of religious machinery which, however excellent in a way, have too often taken the place of repentance from sin and the witness of the Holy Spirit to regeneration. All of the New Testament proceeds from the experience of men and women taught of the truth. There is little of machinery, not much about things to be done, but much to become. The question becomes serious as to whether we are not too often satisfied if young men and young women come under the moral influence of institutions within the church. If we pass personal redemption over to ethical instructive thought, then it were better if we did not have the institutions. Of course the ideal way is to have the people saved, and witnessed to their salvation, by the only authority that can make the declaration, and then to be taught service by the organized activities of the church; the first of which is the prayer meeting—not preached nor speeched to death by the minister, but alive by kindling of holy flame in saved hearts. An old country preacher of my boyhood used to say, "Brothers, the sheep know where the salt boxes are." The attractive power of the old-time services, both of the pulpit and the prayer meeting, was in the fact that there were the salt boxes. They were boxes of exhortation full of experience of life and love. Men and women were seen to know of the things of which they spoke and they lived these things. There were boxes of song, the great old hymns of the ages to tunes of melody. The opera singing of the paid soloist and the quarrelsome quartet had not driven them out. The people sang, and sang lustily. The chorus choir was the end of the chorus congregation. The singing Methodist became frightened by being off the key, or a beat too fast or too slow. Some critic with more of the art of music than the joy of salvation would show his tortured nerves by looking around and glaring at the offending worshippers. We have become very proper—as proper as death. Everybody knows that except the non-churchgoing. He has not been in to see our propriety for these many Sabbaths. With the decreasing interest in the church service and the increasing interest in the automobile he is far beyond the preacher's voice on the Lord's day. We seek to allure him by sensational and semi-sensational topics and services. We have made the mistake of

believing that our old-time direct preaching and our earnestly told experiences of the saved people must be substituted by something more up-to-date, forgetting that the unsaved human heart has no new dates, but its wants remain the same and must be satisfied by Him who is "the same yesterday, and to-day, and forever."

There can be no question of the final issue. The Word of Life will no more wear out than will the sunbeam. They may change under the conservation of forces. The Word of Life will find its consummation in endless millenniums. It is greater by so much than all things that appeal to man's endeavors as great. From age to age it changes not. It is not an emergence from superstition. On the contrary, superstition is displaced and by its power yields to light.

We need not fear that an infinite truth which appealed in past ages to stars of the first magnitude in the firmament of scholarship, and was the power unto salvation to all classes of men, will fail in an age like this. Its testimony comes from science and philosophy, from statesmanship and the loftiest philanthropy. Man at the highest summits is still reaching up to the lofty ranges of revealed truth. His greatest questions are in the realms of revelation. Where science stops, where learning wearies and stumbles, the Word of Life begins.

Sad if we must stop with what we can discover. Appalling if the pulpit has nothing but guesses for bewildered mankind. Currents are diverse, winds blow where they list, and clouds shut out the stars, but the ships have on board a force that moves the index on the compass face into coincidence to the polar star. Infinitely happy that above all theologies, and through the mists of all philosophies, and beyond the shore line of all mortalities, there shines a polar star of truth to which attaches no uncertainty.

There might be times when I am uncertain as to whether I am right or my brother is right in the interpretation of doctrinal statements, but we both may be certain that we both are right in preaching the Word of Life personified in Him who is the Word, and who is the Word that is Life and the Life is the Light of the World. To preach him straight into the eyes of each individual hearer, to hold that hearer to a personal audience with that

Saviour until he feels that the service and the sermon are for him, is to place upon the conscience by the authority of the Word the obligation of choice. It was that preaching of the Wesleyans in the early days and of American Methodists as well, that compelled a hearing. It was that preaching that secured revivals the year round and created largely the conscience of our land and country, as it had saved England, upon the authority of the foremost historians of the period, from repeating upon her soil a French revolution.

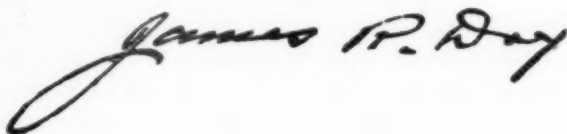
Anything so personal, so searching, so insistent upon decision, enforced with the authority of the Master and millions of examples of regeneration, cannot be received indifferently. And there is enough of it in substance and hearing to keep a man preaching a thousand years. There is no such subject as man. There is no such authority as God. There is no such example as our Lord and Saviour. How shall we escape our responsibility if we preach anything less? How shall we answer if we bewilder people in the labyrinths of our confused ethics? The dearth and poverty of spiritual life in the church to-day is ethical preaching and ecclesiastical machinery. These the hearers can lawfully dispute and resist. They are of man's invention and they cannot enforce conscience. They may entertain, and for a time command a popular hearing, but they send every hearer out with an optional margin. "That's the minister's notion," he says. The hearer must be impelled by an all-convincing and controlling conviction that he has heard the Lord. "My word shall not return unto me void. It shall accomplish that whereunto I have sent it."

The people who hear preaching must be brought again to believe and feel the belief, that they are hearing God himself. It was because men felt when Jonathan Edwards preached that they were listening to the voice of the Almighty in wrath against their sinning that they instinctively reached out to grasp the pillars of the church lest they drop into perdition. And Edwards felt that he was uttering the voice of God. It was this conviction that sent the pioneer itinerant everywhere to find the unsaved, preaching the wrath of God against sin, and the Saviour of sinners with a present and instant salvation. Place, office, preferment, a better

appointment were words not in the vocabulary of those flames of fire. The great question was not how to preach so that they could retain the good graces of the men and the women of influence and go back again, to continue this substitution of popular forms of sensational and mild eccentricities, but they came annually to give account of their work in saved men and women. And if they had failed in this they fasted and prayed, and with new consecration went out again to hunt where the game was; for they were fishers and hunters of men.

Ah me! I can recall the unknown preachers of my earliest young manhood, whose sermons have lived in my memory all these years only and solely because they preached to me, as though I were the only one present, the Words of this Life. If the time has come when this will not do then we are done. If this is not glory and fame enough then we are deceiving ourselves, for what the world can give or the church can give has been written as vanity of vanities, all is vanity.

But that time has not come. The gospel has not changed. We have changed. We are picking leaves and leaving the fruit. The Word of Life is the same. Human hearts are the same. They have the same temptations and sins. They must have the same Saviour. There is no other.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "James R. Day". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned above the printed name.

SYRACUSE UNIVERSITY.

TO LOVE

FLOWERS presuppose the ground. They are not creatures of the soil, but cannot live apart from it. They root in the earth, though they do not bloom in it. They cannot invert this process. They never root in the sky. Some bit of ground must they possess for footing—frozen it may be, as where the Alpine flora grows, but it is ground.

To live is the ground of life. There all we are to be roots itself. By and by we shall change the place of rooting, but never the fact of rooting. To live is to give all things regarding souls a chance. A cradle is the introduction to soldier, farmer, mariner, poet, orator, architect, dreamer of every purpureal dream which kindles black skies into a heavenly splendor. Life is our solid footing for every climb souls are to make, even as the ground is the point from which all mountains begin their leap into the astonishing azure.

We live to love. Without loving life were not worth living. This is the very last word life has to utter for our edification. To live loveless were worse than to die and worse than not to have been born. The dumb foxglove has all the aspect of a flower, but never becomes the flower it tuned itself to be. It never blooms and is therefore the pathos among flowers. The mercy of flowers of almost every hue and fashioning is that they bloom in such wild multitudes as to bewilder our thought and to swing even low minds into lofty comment. The wild profusion of blossoms is one of the reckless miracles which the Chief Gardener is ever flashing before our bewildered eyes. And then not to bloom! To be a dumb foxglove, and, when the attempt is made, not to stammer into the expression of its heart! To stay dumb when one opening of the lips would eventuate in music! Alas! can we name a disappointment which roots deeper in the heart?

Not to love is the dumb foxglove of life. We are here, and here for love. Love ushered us into this wide sky, dawn-lit and glad. It was the love of God. Love met us here with kisses and

with songs, seeing we had a mother and a father. By love are we beckoned to walk, to speak, to try to do our best. We are led on by love and followed by love. All our schoolmastering has no other intent. For love were we born and to love do we make our journey. A cathedral is built for prayer, and choiring of deep-throated bells, and through the shadowing dusk the spires crowd up to watch through darkness for the dawn, and to bid eyes which follow the leap of spire to fasten them on the face of God. We say of the cathedral it was built for God and man; to certify that man is meant for God and God hath died for man. The cruciform of the cathedral bears joyous attestation to the mode God died, and the spire is the divine finger pointing men up where they are to live the wasteless life with the glad God.

Thus is life meant for love; all its dreams, its anguishes, its fierce unrests, its far-going quests, its watchings for the dawn and then its watchings for the dark are wisps of cloud drifting, along its upper sky, showing which way the heavenly trade winds blow.

To love! We are not spacious enough for ourselves. We are fettered in narrow quarters till love comes our way and shows us into spaces where the breadth and height we are may have their chance. They need space. Nothing is stranger in this world than this haunting sense of the insufficiency of one soul for itself. We should have thought that a soul had might to make its way alone, like a lone traveler. What should a great life need of helpers? Can it not stand alone, like solitary pines on solitary crests? We should have thought so. All we dare say on that head is that our supposition was only one other token of our ignorance. Aloneness is our death. The stars are gathered in shining companies. The flowers do group and swirl like wafting fires. The mountains seldom keep sentry alone. People are born villagers and can scarce be kept in a sequestered vale. We must see out, or climb out, or fare forth. "Outward bound" is written in our blood. We are lonesome till another comes. The very molecules of our human composition are clamorous for company.

This is a weird cogitation. No ghost tale is companion to it. Poets' tales, fearsome as they are, are not so weird. "The City of the Sea," "Ulalume," are not so strange as "Annabel Lee,"

whose utmost dream was "to love and be loved by me." Why should a soul be slave to an immortal hunger? Why may not a spacious life be in itself at home, and breathe freely being alone? Would not that be a larger charter and a worthier procedure? Can Shakespeare not dwell in himself? Does that vast immortality need company? Will not the drowsy night and jocund day that "stand tiptoe on the misty mountain tops," and the stars that in their motion like an angel sing, "still choiring to the young-eyed cherubim"—will not these suffice this land of sunups and noons? His sonnets make reply. Whatever their intent, their hunger is incredible. Not more do blue seas cling to the shore than this solar splendor of mind clings to some other than himself. His loneliness is on him as on Enoch Arden in his tropic splendor breaking his heart in loneliness of love.

The love sonnets of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, of Coventry Patmore, of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, are starlit with this surge of soul toward soul. We cannot stay within the confines of our little life. Not to "some far off divine event" is it solely that the whole creation moves, but "to some far off divine Person." Soul clamors for soul. As the flower to the sun, so soul blossoms for soul.

Mrs. Browning's love sonnets I conceive to be the highest point to which woman's soul has climbed in utterance. Women's souls have always been climbing and in action. Deed is higher than word. Howbeit, word is high when it is the answer for the deed. Poetry of action will aspire to poetry of speech.

Unlike are we, unlike, O princely Heart!
Unlike our uses and our destinies.
Our ministering two angels look surprise
On one another as they strike athwart
Their wings in passing. Thou, bethink thee, art
A guest for queens to social pageantries,
With gages from a hundred brighter eyes
Than tears even can make mine to play thy part
Of chief musician. What hast *thou* to do
With looking from the lattice-lights at me,
A poor, tired, wandering singer? . . . singing through
The dark, and leaning up a cypress tree?
The chrism is on thine head—on mine, the dew—
And Death must dig the level where these agree.

Thou hast thy calling to some palace floor,
 Most gracious singer of high poems! where
 The dancers will break footing from the care
 Of watching up thy pregnant lips for more.
 And dost thou lift this house's latch, too poor
 For hand of thine? and canst thou think and bear
 To let thy music drop here unaware
 In folds of golden fullness at my door?
 Look up and see the casement broken in,
 The bats and owlets builders in the roof!
 My cricket chirps against thy mandolin.
 Hush! call no echo up in further proof
 Of desolation! there's a voice within
 That weeps . . . as thou must sing . . . alone, aloof.

I lift my heavy heart up solemnly,
 As once Electra her sepulchral urn,
 And, looking in thine eyes, I overturn
 The ashes at thy feet. Behold and see
 What a great heap of grief lay hid in me,
 And how the red wild sparkles dimly burn
 Through the ashen greyness. If thy foot in scorn
 Could tread them out to darkness utterly,
 It might be well perhaps. But if instead
 Thou wait beside me for the wind to blow
 The grey dust up, . . . those laurels on thine head,
 O my beloved, will not shield thee so
 That none of all the fires shall scorch and shred
 The hair beneath. Stand farther off then! Go.

Go from me. Yet I feel that I shall stand
 Henceforward in thy shadow. Nevermore
 Alone upon the threshold of my door
 Of individual life I shall command
 The uses of my soul, nor lift my hand
 Serenely in the sunshine as before,
 Without the sense of that which I forbore, . . .
 Thy touch upon the palm. The widest land
 Doom takes to part us leaves thy heart in mine
 With pulses that beat double. What I do
 And what I dream include thee, as the wine
 Must taste of its own grapes. And when I sue
 God for myself he hears that name of thine,
 And sees within my eyes the tears of two.

The story of how "The Sonnets from the Portuguese" came to be called by that name reads like a tender story out of some classic fiction. This is the story: After the marriage of Robert

Browning and Elizabeth Barrett, one day she came coyly to her husband and with scant words slipped into his hand a bundle of manuscript and ran away like a girl. Then the poet sat down and with radiant rapture read for the first time the love sonnets written by Elizabeth Barrett for her beloved Robert Browning. And, poet that he was, he knew on the instant that he had read literature which should not die, and when he hunted for his wife and found her, and told her his joy in the poetry and his wonder in it, he insisted that they should be called "Sonnets from the Portuguese" because of her poem on "Catarina to Camoens." Thus, after long silence below a whisper, these beauteous blossoms of a woman's heart (more woman wise than most women are) were put into the hands of him who created the love.

When soul thus makes wild, fearless—yet ever fearful—way to soul, we may well grow wild-eyed with wonder touched with fear. The flight of wild birds toward a clime unknown is not so strange as this flight of soul toward a soul unknown. Restless till love comes, dying when love goes, that is love's age-long story, as may be read in the post-battle scene in Tennyson's vivid drama of "Harold."

It is not enough to be. It is not enough to work. To live and to work are sky-born when they are both rooted in love. No earth occurrence can afford the charm of the spectacle of any girl loving any man, and going with him anywhere, and calling nothing lost though all is lost in the rapturous finding of the beloved. We heed not such majesties because they are familiar. We discredit our faculties when sights like these move us not to tears and wonder as a day-spring does not. All those poetries our whole life through, as a woman leans about her baby's cradle, are squeezed from the cluster of our human loves. Men do bravely. The deed stirs us like battle shouts, though it were worth while in such cases to gravely weigh how such deeds of the work hands of our souls spring from the love of the heart. We love, and therefore do. Heroisms are always followers of love. A man risks his life and loses it for his wife and child. He sprang forth hero at the behest of love. So Dante sprang forth poet. The goaded, glorious heart, the longing heart, the heart outward bound!

To love—and then we know what to live was for. Life is a ship and love the passenger. On a seething summer day, when the muggy sunshine made the flesh sticky with sweat, a woman with gentle though weary smile and brave eyes that tried not to weep but did weep, and voice taught gentleness by weeping—a woman sat in a car and told me how her husband lay asleep under sunny skies where she had carried him to make one more fight for life, and as he lay panting for the few breaths he was to draw he insisted with her that she had had no wedding ring worth while when they were married, but now before he went from her he must have a ring with a brilliant in it to put upon her finger with his own thin wasted fingers before he hasted out whither he knew he must quickly go. She tried to dissuade him, and to persuade him that she did not need it, that she had never missed it, never longed for it, having him was enough, that their love had seemed to her to know no lack, but he wistfully said, “No, I must before I die put a jewel on your wedding finger.” So he sent to a jeweler for rings, and chose one he wished her to wear, and saying over again the marriage holy phrase, “With this ring I thee wed,” placed it pantingly on her finger and smiled and kissed her tear-wet lips and passed out into the Blessed Land. And as the woman, in her subdued voice soaked with tears, told me the story, she pulled her glove from her sweaty fingers slowly, slowly, and disclosed the ring, saying meantime, “I see many lovers, and many women glad in their beloveds, but I see no lover ever like my lover, and I turn away sorry for all the women who had not my beloved.” I had read Tennyson and Chaucer and Spenser and Herrick, and the love madrigals from Shakespeare and all the Elizabethan dramatists, but not anywhere had I read poetry so exquisite as this—and the woman knew not it was poetry at all. That woman knew why life was made. She will not vex her brain on any speculative casuistry on life. She knows life’s garden was given to grow love’s holy flower.

A man’s daughter died and he became old in a night! Another man’s son died, and in a few weeks, with no disease, he died. He was slain by his desolated heart. “Nothing counts,” mumbled a foreign-speaking stolid-faced woman, weeping in a railroad

station on a windy plain, "nothing counts but your man." A fine-spirited great heart of a man said to me, "I have no home now. She is gone." Love is the original poet. Love is the world's poet laureate.

How all our living is bound together from life end to life end by our loves. Our mother's love, our father's love, which when we first awoke to any knowledge at all was our possession. Love cradled us, hearts held us close, dear lips kissed us for fun—all for love. And through the years (when we knew not what love was worth or that it was of worth) love prayed for us, planned for us, dreamed for us, had its ache for us lest our leaf of laughter should be torn from our book of life or one petal be blown from our rose of joy. Love, all love, and we guessed it not—or, if guessing it, guessed it dimly.

Love cuts deep, like a heavy sword, but the wound is a possession. A happy father and mother sent out as the birthday notice of their daughter, "She is more precious than rubies." Little daughter, what wild welcome you have in that home, and you will not know of it until at your own heart you hold a daughter and sing over it for utter inexhaustible joy, "You are more precious than rubies." A grave is better than a grim heart whose sod is not cut by any spade nor crooned over by a breaking heart. Love costs, but is worth more than it ever costs. "I have lost my child," the sobbing woman said, when she would have taken the plate from the table where the daughter who should not soon return was used to sit, and smile, and say gay words and wise. And the woman's husband said, "Dear heart, leave the plate be. It shall always stay there, ever to be ready when she comes."

Life is a wild wide water whereon to sail from sky to sky. From east rim to west rim, from gaudy morning to somber night, love's voice sings like a sea wind that hath all summer in its heart. Said an old poem, read long since,

Love maketh life and life's great work complete.
Sometime will come the setting of the sun
And this brief day of the long work be done.
There will be folded hands, lips without breath;
But we shall have passed so. Love knows no death!

Love makes all life worth while. The solemn and tender voice of the benediction is "The love of God." Who weighs that blessed utterance, or can? If this universe of souls be shined across and through by love it comes of God. We have caught love from God as we have caught life from God. The love of God is the one sure anchor which never breaks, however hard the waves' mighty beat. The love of God abides and the universe has caught love from him. Scant wonder is it that love is passing wonderful. To live is to love and to love may be to die. The mother sheep catches the moor storm on her side and makes a covert for the wee bit lambie. The mother bird grows brave as a soldier when danger threatens her young. All living things love after some meager manner or master manner. Dogs die on the grave where their masters lie dead. This love of God has filtered like crystal waters through the whole soil of things, and springs up in many an unthought-of spot as a happy fountain shining to the sun. So a blind preacher-poet, George Matheson, when his own heart was love-lorn leaned hard upon the heart of God, whence streams the everlasting love, and sang (in sobs),

O Love that wilt not let me go,
I rest my weary soul in thee;
I give thee back the life I owe,
That in thine ocean depths its flow
May richer, fuller be.

And another preacher-poet, Charles Wesley, in that very great poem entitled "Wrestling Jacob," shouts like a chorus of angels,

'Tis Love! 'tis Love! thou diedst for me!
I hear thy whisper in my heart;
The morning breaks, the shadows flee;
Pure, universal love thou art;
To me, to all, thy mercies move;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

I know a picture which has walked into the very backlands of my soul. It is a picture of the cross with the thorn crown on it and the anguish that shed blood. It is the cross of God. Before it an angel with strong, gentle face, and garmented in glistening white, and wings hanging idle, as if forgot, with left hand touch-

ing at the cross and eyes blinded by the love and loss unspeakable, the right hand flung in tragic terror across the blind eyes. The love unspeakable blinded the angel like a freshet of suns.

Once a man I knew whose mother and whose only daughter had gone from him and had outsped him into light, as he sat holding the quiet hand of his dying father, who could no longer speak but could intelligently hear and understand, said, "Father, when you get home, give my love to mother. You understand, father?" And the dying father, who could not speak, said "Yes" with his eyes. Continued my friend, "Father, kiss Olive (his dead daughter) for me when you see her." And the dying father smiled, and nodded assent with his eyes. The son leaned and kissed him on the lips and his father went safely out to do his errand.

William A. O'Connell

RUDOLF E. BRÜNNOW, GENTLEMAN AND SCHOLAR

THIS is a very frank little song of praise for a man doubly distinguished as first a gentleman and secondly a scholar; a tribute of admiration and affection unstinted and unashamed. The reader who has no stomach for judicious praise and no wellspring of enthusiasm for gentility and learning would do well to spare himself the reading of the words which stand now in range before him.

It was Oxford that gave him first to me in the summer of 1887, and it was a friend worthy of such a homeland of learning who made us known, the one who had just come, to the other, somewhat older and much more mature. The man to whom I was then introduced was Rudolf Ernest Brünnow, and the older and greater scholar who introduced me was Professor Archibald Henry Sayce, fellow of Queen's College, a man whose whole life has gone forward in a gracious and happy habit of encouraging younger scholars. The acquaintance thus begun with Brünnow ripened in a natural way into admiration on my part, and into a friendship which lasted without one single misunderstanding until he answered the summons and went away. Herein lies my justification for speaking a word of him and his labors.

In 1854 there came from Berlin to Ann Arbor, Michigan, as professor of astronomy Franz Friedrich Ernst Brünnow, then thirty-three years of age and already in the full flower of a reputation destined to carry his name around the world. He had been educated in the University of Berlin, where he had pursued not only astronomy, mathematics, and physics, but had received a sound classical training as well. He made a profound impression in Ann Arbor as a man of preeminent gifts in scientific research and of wide culture. The president of the University of Michigan was the versatile American clergyman Henry Philip Tappan, whose daughter, Rebecca Lloyd, accepted a proposal of marriage from the brilliant German astronomer. Of this happy union there was born, at Ann Arbor, on February 7, 1858, the son, Rudolf Ernest Brünnow, who loved and honored his birthplace to the end,

maintaining, however, with great gravity that the little academic city was far better in his boyhood than now with all its long lines of dignified and stately university buildings! He went back to it in June, 1914, to receive the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws, and no man could ever have been happier in the receiving of an academic honor than was he. He had told me, under pledge of secrecy, that it was to be his, and the love of a boyhood home irradiated his expressive countenance as he spoke. The first years of Brünnow's life had been spent at Ann Arbor—and perhaps no boy has yet discovered any years so golden as the earliest three times three—and now, at five years of age, there came a great change which resulted in the gift of a cosmopolitan training unmatched in its variety and richness in my acquaintance among scholars. In 1863 the elder Brünnow took his American wife to Germany, where they and the little boy lived for two years, during the stress and strain of the Civil War. In 1865 Sir William R. Hamilton died, and the professorship of astronomy in the University of Dublin thus made vacant was offered to Professor Franz Brünnow, who accepted and came to live at the Dunsink Observatory as astronomer-royal of Ireland. The observatory is situated about two miles from the capital city, in a suburb named Glasnevin (*Glas Naeidhen*, Naeidhen's brook) close by the incomparably beautiful botanic gardens, justly famed for their ferns, and more lovely than the better known Kew Gardens. The new home of the Brünnow family, on an elevated knoll, commanded a prospect of serene loveliness melting at last into Dublin's noble bay, with its blue waters shimmering in sunshine or darkened with shower. Rudolf was sent to Saint Columba's College, the memory of which was as oil poured forth during the rest of his life. In Dublin, many years afterward, one of his fellow pupils told me how he and Brünnow had carried on surreptitious chemical experiments in their rooms, to the distress of other boys in the neighborhood, and when I recounted the memory to Brünnow the whole series of incidents returned to his mind and he supplemented the story with a lively account of the golden days of school. Brünnow was destined for Trinity College, Dublin, that most glorious nursery of distinguished Irishmen, home of the muses,

and garden of light and learning. There his reputation still lives in the mind of the inimitable conversationalist and splendid classical scholar Dr. John Pentland Mahaffy, now provost of the college, who can recount by the hour the triumphs of his famous pupils, from poets like Oscar Wilde to scholars like Bury or Brünnow. But the young Brünnow was fated never to be an alumnus of Trinity, of which he would indeed have been proud, for in 1874 his father's eyesight failed and he was compelled to resign his post and leave Ireland to settle in dignified retirement at Basel, Switzerland.

This produced a great change in Rudolf's future, yet the influence of the Irish residence never passed from him. It was there that his use of the English tongue was purified as well as strengthened. Though he was now to live on the continent for years, and usually either in German-speaking Switzerland or in the German Empire, he never lost a graceful and easy use of his mother tongue. In his speech there was easily discernible a delicate touch of the Irish intonation, and when I once called his attention to certain evidences of it, he laughed and said that he loved Ireland, could never forget her, and was glad to think that my ear had detected a trace of influences ever sweet to memory. He longed to see Dublin again, and when I was going thither to become a son (*ex honoris causa*) of Trinity College, wrote to me messages of affection and gratitude to be given personally to Dr. Mahaffy.

At Basel Brünnow began his student career in the university and fell speedily under the influence of Albert Socin, privat-docent in Oriental philology there. So began one of the greatest friendships of his life. Socin was already a great scholar, who had not only learned Arabic in the universities of Europe but had spent two years in the Orient (1868-1870) and was again within their witching confines in 1873. He was later to write, single-handed, the unsurpassed Baedeker Handbook to Syria and Palestine, and was destined to become the greatest master of Oriental philology on the side of modern living speech. He had a gift for friendship, and knitted to him with hooks of steel his students whom he thought worthy of special attention, and made a point of seeking

out opportunities to introduce them. Brünnow deserved all that Socin could give, and Socin's pride in him never failed of enthusiastic expression when, years after, I was his pupil. Then he would recall Moore, and Brünnow, and Holzinger, and the distinguished Professor Karl Marti of Bern, adding, still later than my day, Professor Bulmerincq of Juriew.

Brünnow followed Socin to Tübingen and then took his degree of Doctor of Philosophy under Nöldeke at the University of Strassburg in 1882. It seemed now that his career would surely be in Arabic, yet what seems to be his chief contribution to the cause of learning was in a related though very different field toward which he moved slowly and surely. He had come to mastery of his philological material in the Semitic languages, in Arabic, Hebrew, Syriac and Ethiopic, precisely at the time when the untold riches of the older sister of the group, Assyrian, were becoming daily more prominent in men's minds and more enticing to a younger man. The great group of decipherers had brought to a successful solution the fundamental problems, and the names of Rawlinson, Grotefend, Hincks, Oppert, and Sayce were before him as an incitement to a bounding ambition. The great early explorers had already delivered inscriptions to the museums in large numbers, and the names of Botta, Layard, Rassam, and Smith resounded among men of learning. It was not surprising that Brünnow, diverted temporarily from Arabic, turned the full force of a trained mind upon the new science of Assyriology, and won in it a reputation destined long to endure. He made progress notably rapid; he seemed to have a peculiar gift for the learning and the remembering of the cuneiform characters; signs complex resolved into their original simple forms beneath his glance, and in his orderly mind arranged themselves into a system. His natural endowments indicated the course which his labors should take and he lacked only the place and the time for their accomplishment. The time was secured for him, as for few scholars, through the financial independence of his family and he was free to go on with his work undeterred by the struggle for bread. The place chosen was the noblest and fairest, the most gentle and most generously hospitable academic city in the world, and to Oxford

he set forth to become a guest, though not a member of any of its collegiate societies. The choice was happy, the harvest of results surprising. Oxford supplied in the Bodleian Library an unsurpassed collection of Assyriological literature, Queen's College was the residence of Professor Sayce, whose astounding range of cuneiform knowledge was then, as ever since, at the ready disposal of any younger scholar, while Driver's unmatched Hebrew learning was equally available, and the dear city made welcome this man who was now American, Irish, Swiss, and German all in one, already a cosmopolitan, and needing for the completion of his culture but one element more, one which Oxford was better fitted than all the world beside to give. And as I write this little tribute to the city which he also loved my thought goes out to her in sympathy, and in glowing desire and seeking out of memory's store some word to set forth her praise, because she had also made a home for Brünnow, I take these lines from J. W. Mackail, sometime her professor of poetry and always her lover:

O Mother Oxford, unto whom we cry
 Through all the passing loves and light desires
 Of changing seasons; whom the toil that tires,
 The years that sever, and the griefs that sigh,
 Have no dominion over; who dost lie
 Ever serene and fair, when morning fires
 Thy silent pinnacles, or when thy spires
 Stand flushed with sunset in the evening sky:

And then in humblest verse add to his melodious words mine own fainter strain to take the place for this moment of the conclusion which Mackail wrote:

Take now from me, here writing of my friend,
 This passing word of recompensing love,
 And though the years are full of war and waste,
 Which bring to every yearning wish an end;
 Yet still with longing heart I wait the dove
 Of Peace, and hope again thy joys to taste.

There at Oxford Brünnow began and there brought to the point of publication his *magnum opus*. It is very difficult to describe the work in such a paper as this, but I must attempt it.

The script in which the inscriptions of the Assyrians and

Babylonians are written had its origin among the Sumerian people who inhabited the valley of the Tigris and Euphrates at a very early period. In its earliest form it was a picture writing, but when stone was less available as a writing material and clay came into general use, the linear pictures became conventionalized into forms composed of wedges (Latin *cuneus*), and in that final stage it is called by us a cuneiform script. In the process of transformation from picture to wedge there began an extension of the meanings assigned to each character, and combinations of signs were made to extend the powers of expression. Thus, the sign for "mouth" and the sign for "water" were combined to express "drink," while the signs for "water" and for "eye" signified "tears." From this stage onward the meanings of signs became rapidly more extended and the signs themselves more complicated. The sign for "tears" acquired the meanings "weep, sigh, howl"; the sign for star or heaven came also to mean "high," and the sign for the rising sun was used to express "day, daybreak, light, clear, white." This seems complex enough, but it was only the beginning, for shortly syllabic values began to be added to the ideographic of which I have been speaking. The word heaven in the Sumerian language was "an" or "ana" and the picture-sign for heaven readily acquired the signification "an." There were now in this script about four hundred ideograms, and to these the Sumerians added about eighty syllabic signs, such as ba, bi, bu, ab, ib, ub, ma, mi, me, mu, am, im, um. By means of these syllables it became possible to write words for which there was no ideographic sign, such as nu-um-ma, "wolf," gu-za, "throne." Beyond this again there grew up compound syllabic signs such as kam, lam, zag, dag, which rapidly increased in numbers. All these combinations and developments increased enormously the complexity of the cuneiform script and when the Assyrian period was reached it had passed every reasonably expected limit of difficulty. Signs had now so many meanings that the scribes had to make long lists, which we call syllabaries, in which were set down the various ideographic and syllabic values of the signs. This had become necessary, for signs with many significations numbered hundreds and their significations often numbered a score or more. There

was, for example, a sign which originally signified the "rising sun," which later acquired the ideographic meanings *umu*, day, *immu*, daylight, *umšu*, daily, *abâbu*, bright, *tâbu*, good, *nûru*, light, *pisit*, white, and scores more, and besides these the syllabic values *ut*, *tu*, *tam*, *par*, *pir*, *lah*, *lih*, *hiš* and many others. When Assyriology began the reading of Assyrian inscriptions it was confronted with the difficulty of determining in any individual case what was the meaning of a particular sign, and this was no small problem. As the new science was perfecting its methods and acquiring almost daily new materials with which to do its work scholars were confronted with the necessity of making lists of these signs with their significations, committing to memory so many as was possible, and arranging all in some form for convenient reference. When I began the study of Assyrian, in 1883, I, and every other student of that day, had to make each for himself such lists of signs. The method was tedious, wearisome, and at best a makeshift. There was need of some collection of signs which should be published and thus made generally accessible to students. To meet this Brünnow undertook the immense, the laborious, the painful task of compiling, arranging, and defining all the cuneiform signs which had been discovered. In Oxford this enormous labor was successfully accomplished and a monument of learning, patience, and endurance erected. This was a book which could not be printed with type. Every sign, every word, must be written in Brünnow's beautiful hand and then lithographed from his autograph copy. The book appeared in 1889 at the famous house of E. J. Brill, of Leyden. It was in quarto and contained 10 pages of preface, 8 pages of General Index, and 595 pages of lithographed matter, and had 14,453 separate entries of sign-meanings. In 1897 Brünnow issued a volume of Indices which ran to 354 pages. Nothing that I could say would give any adequate impression to one not an Assyriologist of the labor which this book represents, but some idea of its importance may be drawn from its use, for from that day to this the book has been absolutely indispensable to all students of the science. Wherever men seriously study the Assyrian inscriptions there lies that incomparable book, a *vade mecum* indeed.

On June 1, 1894, Brünnow married Marguerite Beckwith of New York, a woman of great personal charm, of high accomplishment, and connected with a family distinguished in the annals of her State. Her husband's pride and delight in her were manifested to all who entered the various homes in which they lived, and when she died, in 1907, he was a permanently changed man. He devoted himself thereafter to their children and seemed more and more to withdraw from all other concerns.

In 1889 the Laudian professorship of Arabic in the University of Oxford became vacant and Brünnow presented a set of testimonials as a candidate, in themselves a cause of not unworthy pride; but the choice of the electors fell upon David Samuel Margoliouth, Fellow of New College, while Brünnow went away to become later professor of Semitic languages in the University of Heidelberg, to which venerable shrine of learning he took his beautiful bride. There I made several visits to them, to be received by her as her husband's friend and to enjoy the elegant hospitality which she was wont to offer. It seemed to me that he was restless in Heidelberg, and it was therefore not a surprise when he resigned, received the title of honorary professor, and removed to a beautiful villa on the hillside above Vevey, looking out upon the unearthly beauty of Lake Geneva. There he lived the life of a gentleman-scholar, free from the cares of the daily grind of lectures and happy in the little family. He was but eleven miles from the house where Gibbon had lived and written the immortal history, and far from the riches of the Bodleian and the British Museum he shifted back to his first love and devoted his splendid talents to Arabic. In 1895 appeared his *Arabic Chrestomathy*,¹ a better book than we had ever had for studying or teaching that great but extremely difficult language, and in the years 1904-1909 an immense book on Arabia² in connection with Alfred V. Domaszewski. During all these years he wrote many papers and reviews for learned journals and carried on a lengthy correspondence with Halévy on the Sumerian question.

¹ *Chrestomathie aus arabischen Prosa-Schriftstellern im Anschluss an Socin's Arabische Grammatik*, herausgegeben von Dr. R. Brünnow. Berlin, 1895.

² He also assisted and encouraged Musil, whom he greatly admired, in similar work.

As the children moved into school age Brünnow became dissatisfied with the educational opportunities in French Switzerland, and the family removed to Bonn, on the Rhine, and taking two large houses turned them into one and began life again. The new house was magnificent in itself. It commanded from the upper stories a glorious view of the noble river, and was crowded with objects of beauty and value. The library was a sight to make the eyes dance and the heart bound, and more than once have I wondered whether a scholar in our field ever so lived before. The university society received the gracious lady and her learned husband with open arms and to all human foresight the future seemed secure for years. But suddenly there fell a blow that shattered all. I was making them a little visit in the summer of 1907 and two weeks after my departure the wife and mother went out into a larger world with scarce a warning. Brünnow took thought of his situation, remembered that the grandmother as well as the mother of his children was American, and decided to make a new home in America and here educate his children as Americans. Free from all restrictions in the choice of a place, he took Princeton, surely one of the loveliest academic seats in America, and came thither to live. Again was fortune smiling. He was elected professor of Semitic philology in the university, he found a friend as loyal as he is learned in David Paton, the Egyptologist, and opened his treasures of learning and of wisdom to all who chose to come. He bought and reconstructed an historic house in Princeton, and made a great summer home at Bar Harbor. Though he did not actually tie himself down to the regular order of academic lecturing, he served the university and the theological seminary well in other ways, and full appreciation of him personally and a high estimate of his scholarship quickly arose. The faculty of the university had many men to rejoice in their new neighbor, and the faculty of the theological seminary, ever a very learned body, gave him many evidences of a friendly acceptance. He was ideally situated and made no secret of his pleasure in it. We were now nearer neighbors than ever and an exchange of visits was easy, though far too infrequent. Little did we know how soon it was to end. In the autumn of 1916 his son Eric, just entering

Princeton University, died suddenly. Brünnow wrote me a brave letter, though it was easy enough to discern that his heart was sorely wounded, and never really rallied from the blow. On April 14, 1917, he followed his wife and son. So passed a man, distinguished in scholarship, who had left behind work worthy of his opportunities and highly prized among students in his field. Yet was he greater than his works. He was born a gentleman, nor did he ever lose the distinguishing marks of gentility, and the rich culture in letters and in music which time had added, gave graciousness in manner and lent luster to his person.

A shadow flits before me,
Not thou, but like to thee.
Ah, Christ, that it were possible
For one short hour to see
The souls we loved, that they might tell us
What and where they be.

Robert W. Rogers.

THE GREAT EXPECTATION—A QUESTION FOR UNDERGRADUATES

WHEN you "come seeking admission" a bishop will ask it. "Do you expect to be made perfect in love?" He then may explain it. Some of them have, and nobly. Or he may explain it away. Some have seemed to attempt it, and sadly. It will not explain away, though like life it be difficult to explain. The spiritual dynamic and the historic imperative that urge that question make it immensely more than the question of a bishop or a Conference. It is a question of ideals, and a question of ideals is always a question of destiny. Where the bishop sends you next year, matters not much. Where *you* are *going* next year matters just everything. And the inner attitude toward this question and the reality for which it stands fixes destination and destiny infinitely more than "appointments" can.

The writer has nothing to say to the fathers and brethren concerning this question. He craves a plain and sympathetic word with the noble host of young men now entering that highest of all human tasks, the Christian ministry. Rapture in and fruitage from their life-long toil depend in high measure upon the answer they *think* and *feel* when the bishop asks the question which more than any other question deals with final values. All final values are in terms of character.

The writer hopes he is wrong in fearing that in much of Methodism there is a tendency to pass by on the other side, leaving this great doctrine at the mercy of thieves. One of the greatest of our chief shepherds, the last to be suspected of emotionalism or fanaticism, warns us, "We must insist that it is essential to Methodism to keep alive the ideal at which this doctrine aims. It *will not do* to allow this ideal to drop from Methodist thinking." The time to do the thinking is not at the end but at the beginning of one's ministry. Ideals are not accidents, they are achievements. "Earnestly striving after" them is the only thing that achieves them "in this life" or any other life. Not even modern psychology,

only common sense, is needed to reveal how deeply the power of the fifties or seventies depends upon the passion of the twenties. The dead line is never drawn by the calendar. It is the trail of a lost ideal. The historic thrust of Methodism into a world of need and sin will never be explained by method. It was the drive of life. The secret of yesterday is the only hope of to-morrow. This day of multiplying efficiencies, of crass materialisms, on the one hand, and of growing disgust with these on the other—this day, when science is reckoning human convictions and hungers as valid facts for hypothesis, when philosophy is turning to religious experience as the starting point for spiritual reality, when Kultur born of brains unregenerate is rampant to ravish the heart of the world—this is no day for Methodism to temper her emphasis upon the demands of God in the life of man and the capacity of man for the likeness of God. It is no day for the mightiest Protestant force on the planet to lose the things distinctive that have brought her to her vast estate.

The "question" deals not so much with doctrine as with life. There is a vast difference between flowers and botany. The world could get on without botany; it would be a barren place without flowers. Pressed specimens with unpronounceable names gather dust when the woodland is abloom. Whoever prefers a museum to a garden needs a hospital. The life "perfect in love" is the fairest flower in God's great garden of the Spirit. But its ravishing beauty, its celestial fragrance, have been marred scarcely less by the fierce and frantic efforts to botanize, to analyze, to classify, to name and exhibit it as a well understood theological specimen, than by the human burdocks and cabbage that have bravely held up their heads and called themselves by that fair name, "the perfect life." When professionalism hath its perfect work, in pulpit or pew, it bringeth forth a "holy" life lived in an amazingly unholy fashion; therefore a world skeptical and a ministry cautious—too cautious indeed. William A. Sunday went to the heart of a real defect and serious lack with his usual directness when he turned to the ministers and said, "If you preachers were half as much afraid of imperfection as you are of perfection, the Kingdom would be here in a hurry."

But doctrine there must be, else any fable claims its following. Doctrine is the statement of clear thinking about truth. Only thus can truth make free. Only thus does it reveal its own richness and beauty. Where doctrine is the expression of life, it adds to life's power and deepens its joy. Flowers must have been all the sweeter to the great botanist Grey, because he knew them so well as to affirm that if dropped from a balloon anywhere in the United States and could see all the flowers of the region, he could tell within a hundred miles where he was. To him who is interested in God's great high calling in Christ Jesus, the life triumphant, the vision glorious, not as a theory but as a living joyous power in the soul, there come ever deeper and surer satisfactions as he discerns its place in the whole vast range of Christian truth, sees its limitations on the one hand, its boundlessness on the other, and discovers what he may and may not hope for and achieve. But as his clear thinking draws lines doctrinal about this expansive hope of the soul, three things he will see to be true.

1. The real thing is infinitely larger than any doctrine concerning it, and to whomsoever it is vouchsafed not in theory but in life, will come the growing conviction that any and all analysis is hopelessly inadequate and therefore to many increasingly distasteful. 2. The living fact does not wait for the perfect doctrine. Life is divinely equipped with power to get by doctrine into reality. Morning and evening, summer and winter were joyous facts when the sun went around the world. Thousands find God on the sawdust trail and go down from the tabernacle justified and transformed, notwithstanding the American dialect and an impossible theology. Thousands have gone up and possessed the promised land over widely separated theological trails. Thousands have arrived over trails that logically should have left them in the wilderness forever, but they reached the land of milk and honey nevertheless. Thousands have taken the straight theological road, guide posts at every turn, and yet died in the wilderness. Life's deeper spiritual instincts are by divine order superior to life's higher intellectual insights. The writer was once at Northfield when Chadwick of the strict Wesleyan school and Meyer of the Keswick mind were both presenting the claims of the higher

life with totally different theologies and fundamentally opposite ideas of human nature in relation to divine grace. But no one who heard them doubted that both of them were talking about, and living in the power of, the same transcendent fact. We were driven to the solitudes in quest of the fact, and driven to the conclusion that the interpretation of the fact was a secondary matter.

3. The higher consecration when attained is as individual and as personal as any other religious experience. The charm of life is its variety. Hours I spent when a lad seeking two leaves exactly alike. I gave it up. They have not yet grown. No two roses on the bush at my door are ever or will ever be duplicates. No mother is ever much confused about the identity of her twins. The wonder of life in God is likewise its inexhaustible variety. The world of the Spirit hath no duplicates. The currents of divine life fulfill individuality, never destroy it, else one good doctrine would stagnate the world. Many a conversion has had all reality squeezed out of it by being standardized. The higher consecration suffereth the same violence. The writer long ago asked a good woman what the marks of the higher life might be. She was wise as she was good and replied, "None without that are infallible, and none within that are describable."

The second and higher range of Christian consecration and experience is normal, but normal in an abnormal sense—normal in that it is characteristic of the vast majority of those who seek the fullest attainments in the Spirit; abnormal in that the *ideal* is a consecration in the first instance so complete and so continuous, as light increases and capacity expands, that there will need be no "second blessing" in any sense more real than the third or twentieth. God works by law but not by arithmetic. And the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus is that God fulfills life in the measure of its consecration, and that this fulfillment comes in *waves* upon the shores of consciousness with the steady rise of the tide impelling it.

For most, however, who seek God's best, a second distinct and outstanding experience, a tidal wave as it were, is the rule, and for good and lawful reasons. 1. For the vast majority the experience of conversion is a turning away from sin, self will, dis-

obedience. Consciously or unconsciously, it is for many, negative rather than positive, a surrender rather than an appropriation. However sincere, this is not the mental or moral attitude which makes psychologically or spiritually possible the highest work of the Spirit in the soul. 2. The frequent attitude or motive in conversion is escape from punishment, or consequences of sin and neglect, the prevention of further loss of life's possibilities. Legitimate and noble indeed, but not the highest attitude, nor making possible the highest attainments. For this, the sacrificial movement of the soul is imperative. Self must be out of the range of vision. Christ—service—the Kingdom, the world of need and suffering and sin, must woo the soul to abandonment. This is the attitude of Christ. Only in response to that attitude can his Spirit bring the pentecost of fulfillment. 3. It is natural that in conversion the *sins* or neglects of the past should hold large place in repentant thought. But when pardon is received and the soul subsequently finds the same old tendencies tugging away in the heart, it discovers *sin* to be the root of which sins are the fruit, and it craves a work of grace which will deal yet more fundamentally with the springs of life and action. Often the experience of conversion is necessary to put one in possession of real self-knowledge. Facing that knowledge and need seriously will almost certainly lead the honest soul to seek "the expulsive power of a new" and mightier affection. "Be merciful to me a sinner" becomes a prayer to be rooted and grounded in love to the end that one may be filled with all the fullness of God. The seventh chapter of Romans moves majestically into the eighth, and the twelfth of First Corinthians into the glory of the thirteenth.

But what of the philosophy of this crowning Christian hope? The schools are many, but the differences are often chiefly of words. Granting wide variations, they fall into two main types. 1. That which believes in the sustained action of the Divine Spirit, so dominating and controlling will, emotions, thoughts, that life is kept in comparatively unbroken harmony with God. Here the emphasis centers in God, leaving human nature in possession of all normal tendencies and capacities. 2. That which be-

believes in the destruction of all wayward tendencies, so that the soul is free from the perils of sin as tissues are free from danger of disease when all germs are destroyed. Here the emphasis centers in the state of the soul, rather than upon the continued power of the Spirit. It will be seen that in a broad and modified sense the strictly Wesleyan doctrine falls in the latter class. Its comparative inflexibility seems to many to leave too little place for the laws of developing life. It can scarcely be denied that relatively, in this scientific century of a more accurate psychology, and a more adequate philosophy, it has suffered somewhat in comparison with the first type of doctrine. The first allows for the endless expansion of experience and development of character. The second implies that the work of sanctification is a fixed and finished thing. The logical, experimental, and Scriptural preference would seem to be in favor of the former. For many reasons.

(1) It involves a truer view of the nature of sin. Sin is nothing that is subject to removal, as a cancer or a troublesome appendix. Such a notion, though vivid and picturesque, and convenient homiletically, has darkened counsel in much literature and so-called theology. Sin is a temper, a spirit, an attitude, a mood and purpose of the willing and choosing soul. To subtract the *possibility* of sin is to subtract the possibility of holiness. (2) It is in closer accord with the laws of progress in all other forms of life. Even God cannot sanctify experience, capacity, power, that does not yet exist. Entire sanctification to-day ought not to suffice for to-morrow. There are no graduates in this school. (3) It centers emphasis and attention where they belong, upon the power by which the hope is attained, rather than upon the condition of the soul. Holiness, sanctification, perfection, are dangerous terms if handled too personally by mortal mind. We have heard them when they sounded strangely like a certain brother who went up to the temple to pray—with himself. Who keeps his mind upon the sustaining Spirit as his only hope is vastly safer. (4) It delivers from the bondage of mathematics into the freedom of life. To the growing soul the expanding crises may not cease to come. The vividness of first experiences may outstand, when the struggle with lower tendencies was fiercest, when "the yelp of the beast" was distress-

ingly loud, but no "second" experience of uplifting grace need end the series in the life that endless is. (5) It is simpler and more compelling as a prophetic message. As the prophet faces the task of leading a people into the higher ranges of life, he will find this a more attractive hunger-creating presentment of their privileges in Christ. "Now unto him who is able to do exceedingly abundantly above all that we ask or think"—here the great challenge comes from the ideal angle. It is the pentecostal attitude. From that point of the compass the call may be made with a winning persistence, with total self-effacement, and with the minimum of antagonism. (6) It is more rational and encouraging to those who with the earnest cry "Excelsior" in their souls, have nevertheless slipped somewhere on the rugged pathway upward. The momentary lapse in the higher consecration no more invalidates its reality as the moving purpose of life than the same lapse proves unreal the experience of conversion. The inner law of both is the same, likewise the meaning and treatment of every failure in either—an instant return of a repentant soul with an ever deeper devotion to an ever redeeming Lord.

Therefore when the bishop makes the great interrogation which registers the direction in which the soul is set, its meaning must surely be, *a life fixed in its purpose to attain, in our human measure, the inner attitude toward God, toward folks, and toward duty, which Jesus had—a purpose so deep withal as to have become expectancy.* And why not? Simplest common-sense philosophy will validate the expectation. God has a will for each individual life for every day and hour. He can have no will for any day or any soul but in the riches of his grace can be fulfilled and realized. To doubt this is weak perversion of most elemental reason. To believe it, and make no heroic effort to achieve it, is surrender not only of the highest, but likewise of the simplest principle of Christian character. Who knows evidence when he sees it, knows well that numberless souls have lived the triumphant life, have kept the higher faith, and have left a stainless heritage. That cloud of witnesses gathered from every Christian fold will be witnesses against us when the books are opened, if the life of love fulfilled be not our daily expectation. The most deadly

skepticism is not the doubt of God; it is the doubt that in this world the soul may live a daily victor by the power of God, and be the revelation of the love of God. Nothing so fastens that fatal doubt upon the world as the minister who lives beneath his privileges in Christ. Nothing so lifts the hope and faith of men to claim their best in Him, as the prophet who in his own soul, with humility and sense, gives God the chance he craves. *Humility and sense*—graces of high order these, without which no higher life: humility which looks always up, and only up when comparisons are made; which sees how far it yet must go, not how far it now has come; finds no comfort in profession, seeks its joy in high possession; good sense that is never blind to human weakness and incapacity, but never underrates God's power to keep his promises; which sees that to lose one's humanness discounts, to a human world, the superhuman graces, but which does not miss the fact that to suffer one's humanness to obscure the possibilities of the soul in Christ is to surrender one's highest credentials to the ministry. God calls no man to preach. He calls men to the ministry. Of that, preaching is but a part, and not the major part. Wherever the ministry matters much to the world, it is an incarnation. Wherever it is an incarnation it does matter much to the world. Methodism's mission is to spread the contagion of holy living throughout the land. She looks with eager hope to those who are taking the vows at her altars to-day to fulfill that high endeavor. Other communions, enamored of her exalted message, may rob her of her leadership in the Spirit. God forbid that our great church, having preached to others, should, in the highest calling of God in Christ Jesus, itself become a castaway.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "L. A. Pirney". The signature is fluid and elegant, with a long, sweeping underline that extends to the right.

BROWNING AND CHRISTIANITY

OUTSIDE of the professional labors of ministers of the gospel Robert Browning was the most powerful Christian force of the nineteenth century. He is the greatest ally that Christianity has ever possessed in English literature. His sympathy with Christian faith is repeatedly shown through the lines of his dramatic poems, especially in "A Death in the Desert," "The Epistle of Karshish," and the speech of the Pope in "The Ring and the Book"—poems which it is inconceivable that an unbeliever would have written; but there are two pieces where he makes direct profession of his personal adherence to Christianity. These are "Christmas Eve" and "Gold Hair."

Browning's mother was a non-conformist, deeply religious, with a serene faith to which her quiet cheerfulness gave abundant testimony. By precept and example she brought up the future poet in such a manner that the world, the flesh, and the devil failed to quench his spiritual ardor. Then came his marriage with one of the finest Christian women in history, Elizabeth Barrett, also brought up as a non-conformist, whose trust in God was so powerful that it triumphed over chronic physical suffering.

There have been critics who have asserted that Browning's poem "Christmas Eve" did not express his own religious belief, but was merely dramatic, like most of his other work; "the utterances of so many imaginary persons, not mine." But this assertion is disproved by the love letters that passed between him and Elizabeth Barrett during the year preceding their marriage. She wrote a statement of her religious attitude, to which he replied in a positive manner; and it is interesting to observe that his reply contains, either consciously or unconsciously, the essential plan of "Christmas Eve," published four years later. Her letter is a remarkable document, because it shows that she was one of those rare individuals who combine a passionate Christian faith with the broadest charity for all who differ. Intense faith sometimes makes for intolerance because the believer feels so sharply the overwhelming importance of his creed, and often so-called "reli-

gious tolerance" is a cloak covering indifference. Her convictions were as strong as her sympathies were wide. In a letter to her fiancé, written August 15, 1846, she said:

I could pray anywhere and with all sorts of worshipers, from the Sistine Chapel to Mr. Fox's, those kneeling and those standing. Wherever you go, in all religious societies, there is a little to revolt, and a good deal to bear with—but it is not otherwise in the world without; and *within*, you are especially reminded that God has to be more patient than yourself after all. Still you go quickest there, where your sympathies are least ruffled and disturbed—and I like, beyond comparison best, the simplicity of the dissenters . . . the unwritten prayer, . . . the sacraments administered quietly and without charlatanism! and the principle of a church, as they hold it, I hold it too, . . . quite apart from state necessities . . . pure from the law. Well—there is enough to dissent from among the dissenters—the formula is rampant among them as among others—you hear things like the buzzing of flies in proof of a corruption—and see every now and then something divine set up like a post for men of irritable minds and passions to rub themselves against, calling it a holy deed—you feel, moreover, bigotry and ignorance pressing on you on all sides, till you gasp for breath like one strangled. But better this, even, than what is elsewhere—*this* being elsewhere too in different degrees, besides the evil of the place.

Two days later Browning replied as follows:

Dearest, I know your very meaning, in what you said of religion, and responded to it with my whole soul—what you express now is for us both . . . those are my own feelings, my convictions besides—instinct confirmed by reason. Look at that injunction to "love God with all the heart, and soul, and strength"—and then imagine yourself bidding any faculty, that arises towards the love of him, be still! If in a meeting house, with the blank white walls, and a simple doctrinal exposition,—all the senses should turn (from where they lie neglected) to all that sunshine in the Sistine with its music and paintings, which would lift them at once to heaven,—why should you not go forth?—to return just as quickly, when they are nourished into a luxuriance that extinguishes what is called Reason's pale wavering light, lamp or whatever it is.

In "Christmas Eve" four attitudes toward religion are considered. The first is evangelical orthodox Christianity, represented by the worshipers in the little non-conformist chapel; the second is the religion of nature, communion with God through natural objects; the third is ritualism, represented by the Roman Catholic mass; the fourth is agnosticism, represented by a German professor in the lecture-room.

The picture of the chapel service is so realistic that the reader who did not know what was coming would take it for antagonistic satire. The ill-smelling air of the hideous room is almost intolerable; the "flock" is composed mainly of ignorant bigots; the crass stupidity of the minister is equaled only by his dogmatic assurance. Christian folk may wonder why Browning gave such an unlovely picture of a Methodist or Baptist chapel. The answer is twofold. First, it is true to life. Not all Methodist and Baptist chapels are like that, but enough of them are to make the drawing instantly recognizable by one who has been brought up in this form of worship. Second, he wishes to say the worst that can possibly be said of dissenters, so that his subsequent adherence to them may be made all the more effective. Sanctimonious cant is not nearly so common as it used to be, but it is still in existence, casting a blight on many happy young people and driving many honest men and women away from the churches. I remember when I was young, spending a few days at Northfield in order to hear Mr. Moody. One morning I saw a glorious panorama on the mountains, and came into the big breakfast-room in a state of rapture. My seat-mate that morning happened to be a white-whiskered man with a forbidding cast of countenance. I said with enthusiasm, "Have you seen the mists rolling off the mountains?" and, to my surprise and disgust, he replied, in a sepulchral tone, "Yes. And I trust that the mists will roll from many a sinsick soul to-day." If my Christian faith had not been very strong indeed that man would have dealt it a staggering blow. In Strindberg's play, "The Father," the Baptist nurse tries to convert the agnostic captain, by saying, "Humble your heart and you will see that God will make you happy in your love for your neighbor," to which the captain replies, "It's a strange thing that you no sooner speak of God and love than your voice becomes hard and your eyes fill with hate. No, Margaret, surely you have not the true faith." And all she can do then is to threaten him with the Judgment Day. Then he'll find out who's right. Samuel Butler, who had been brought up in the way to make Christianity most offensive, knew what he was talking about when he said that the chief duty of a Christian was to be happy.

Overcome by repulsion against the room, the audience, and the minister, the speaker rushes out into the night air. His first sensation is relief. He sees a wonderful moon-rainbow, and for a moment believes that he can worship God more acceptably in the solitude of the vast night than in an organized company. But after further reflection he discovers that all he is getting out of this contemplation is an agreeable but vague sensation, too vague to be of any definite religious or ethical value, and he exchanges it for Saint Peter's in the dramatic moment of the elevation of the Host. Here his senses, which were insulted by the unadorned and squalid chapel, find full satisfaction; all is dignity and beauty; yet after a time, although the worshipers seem to be abundantly satisfied, as satisfied with the ritual as the zealous bigots in the chapel were with the sermon, he experiences a growing sense of discomfort. To him the æsthetic richness of the mass and of the great church seems like some splendid superstition which quite o'ercrows his reason. To satisfy the demands of the intellect he flees to Germany and enters a university lecture-room. The austere, learned, and calm professor—his calm in nowise shaken by the fact that he has tuberculosis—is lecturing with dogmatic assurance on the "myth" of Christ. Now the air of the chapel was mephitic, poisonous, but in this lecture-room there is no air at all. His need for religion has found a vacuum.

After a survey of these four different aspects of Christianity he makes his choice—positive and definite. He chooses the chapel. He joins in the doxology. Like Miss Barrett, he loved the simplicity of the dissenters best, for at any rate Christianity was to them the one vital fact in their lives. The direct revelation of God in Jesus Christ, and the direct relation of the individual to the Saviour of mankind, these are the supreme things.

The faithful picture by Browning of the two extremes of Christian worship, evangelical simplicity and the Catholic ritual, forces one for a moment to consider the question of church unity. If by church unity is meant the agreement by members of all Christian churches on essentials, and if this agreement is possible, I believe it would be a good thing. If by church unity is meant a common form of worship and a common church government,

then I rejoice that it is impossible. It is a fortunate thing—for Protestants, at all events—that we have Methodist, Baptist, Episcopal, Congregational, Presbyterian, and countless other denominations. There are those who will always love to worship with a ritual and a prayer-book; there are those who will prefer the absence of both. It is a happy state of affairs that those who like high church, the vested choir, the surpliced priest, the candles and the incense, and the church hierarchy, now have the opportunity to enjoy all of these advantages. And those who like the impromptu prayer, the simple service, and the exclusive right of each congregation to manage its own affairs, now know where to find all these privileges. Furthermore, the variety of Christian worship in every city leaves every Christian without a single excuse for staying away from church. Surely he can find some form of worship that will not get on his nerves, but will minister to his spiritual necessities. No, I do not believe in church unity, as it is commonly understood. The very essence of Protestantism is democracy, individuality. It is its great strength and its great weakness. Those who long for efficient organization had better become Catholics; for there they will find a unity and efficiency unknown among Protestants.

It is possible, and I believe probable, that Whittier was inspired to write his poem "The Meeting" (1868), after reading Browning's "Christmas Eve." He chose the same meter, rhyming octosyllabics, and he had the same intention—to explain why, in spite of the low average of intelligence among the local adherents of the sect and in spite of the lack of charm in the service, he remained true to the form of worship in which he was brought up. William Sharp's *Life of Browning* contains a footnote by the skeptic, Moncure D. Conway, who wrote: "Browning's 'orthodoxy' brought him into many a combat with his rationalistic friends, some of whom could hardly believe that he took his doctrine seriously. Such was the fact, however." Browning might have referred all his antagonists to "Christmas Eve," his *apologia*. Whittier's "The Meeting" answers curious questions from his unbelieving friends in precisely the same way. I had not known that Whittier was an admirer of Browning until, years ago, visit-

ing the house at Amesbury where the Quaker poet lived for so many years, I found this autograph letter from the Brownings and was permitted to copy it. It was written from 39 Devonshire Place, London, October 20, 1856:

MY DEAR SIR:

On returning to England this summer we found a book of manly and beautiful verse, and our names (I speak for my wife in this letter) written with a kind and gratifying word of sympathy from yourself, in the first page. We are just leaving England again, but you must take our hasty thanks as if they had been more worthily expressed; they are hearty and sincere, at all events—since acknowledging that you have thus numbered with your friends

Two, proud to be so numbered,

ELIZABETH BARRETT AND ROBERT BROWNING.

If one will compare with "Christmas Eve" the following lines from "The Meeting" he can hardly escape the conclusion that Whittier was inspired by Browning:

"Dream not, O friend, because I seek
This quiet shelter twice a week,
I better deem its pine-laid floor
Than breezy hill or sea-sung shore;
But nature is not solitude;
She crowds us with her thronging wood;
Her many hands reach out to us,
Her many tongues are garrulous;
Perpetual riddles of surprise
She offers to our ears and eyes;
She will not leave our senses still,
But drags them captive to her will;
And, making earth too great for heaven,
She hides the Giver in the given.

"And so I find it well to come
For deeper rest to this still room.
For here the habit of the soul
Feels less the outer world's control;
The strength of mutual purpose pleads
More earnestly our common needs."

In the poem "Gold Hair" Browning says he still supposes the Christian faith to be true. He sees "reasons and reasons" for this assurance, but he will mention just one. The greatest

optimist of modern times decides that the Christian faith is true because it teaches the doctrine of original sin, the natural corruption of the heart of man. Browning added a postscript to the poem in order that there should be no mistake as to his own personal attitude:

"Why I deliver this horrible verse?
As the text of a sermon, which now I preach:
Evil or good may be better or worse
In the human heart, but the mixture of each
Is a marvel and a curse.

"The candid incline to surmise of late
That the Christian faith proves false, I find;
For our *Essays-and-Reviews*' debate
Begins to tell on the public mind,
And Colenso's words have weight.

"I still, to suppose it true, for my part,
See reasons and reasons; this, to begin:
'T is the faith that launched point-blank her dart
At the head of a lie—taught Original Sin,
The Corruption of Man's Heart."

I do not think he meant by "original sin" that future generations committed a crime when Adam ate the fruit. He meant that the natural instincts of the human heart are evil rather than good. His knowledge of human nature taught him that; and his belief in the divine power of Christ to enable men to control those instincts made him an optimist. Of course, if he is wrong about the human heart, if human beings are naturally good—that is, instinctively unselfish rather than selfish—then all forms of religion may perish, there being no need of redemption.

In "The Ring and the Book," in the second half of the Pope's speech, which everyone interested in Christian speculation ought to study, a profound inquiry is made into the validity of faith. In order to have a proper conception of God one must believe him to be, in spite of Mr. Wells, supremely powerful, supremely wise, and supremely good. His strength and his intelligence may fairly be deduced from observation of the world, and from what we know of the universe. But his goodness is by no means clear. Joseph Conrad believes that an ethical conception of the universe

is impossible. There are evidences of God's goodness in the world, but the evidences against it, both in natural and in human history, are so great that it is impossible for an honest mind to overlook them. The conception of God, then, derived from study and observation of life makes, according to the Pope, "an isoscele deficient in the base." It is an isosceles, not necessarily an equilateral, triangle. His strength is as great as his intelligence; but we do not worship beings that are merely stronger and more intelligent than we, for if we did we could worship Napoleon. There must be goodness in some proportion to the other qualities, and we cannot get this conception of goodness from nature. Where, then, do we get it? In the New Testament: the story of the life and death of Jesus Christ:

"What lacks, then, of perfection fit for God,
But just the instance which this tale supplies
Of love without a limit? So is strength;
So is intelligence; let love be so
Unlimited in its self-sacrifice—
Then is the tale true, and God shows complete."

Whether or not the story of Jesus Christ is true, one thing is certain: it is not superfluous. If the goodness of God were clear from a study of natural phenomena then we should need no revelation. The Incarnation is the evidence of the love of God. Jesus Christ knew and recognized the evil in the world as well as any modern philosopher has been able to do. But he came to make clear the fact of the love of God. As a moral teacher, as a guide to life, he was remarkable and impressive. But there have been other great moral teachers and men who have believed that goodness was the strongest force in the world. The essential thing about the Founder of Christianity is not his moral precepts, but his assertion that he was the living manifestation of God—and that God is the concrete name for Love. If others can find a clear assurance of the love of God without believing in Jesus Christ, it may be well for them. For me he is the only Light of the world, the Light shining in the darkness. If I once lost my belief in his divine personality my faith in God would go with it. I have never been surprised that so many men who do not

believe in Christ are convinced pessimists. It is logical, and I respect them for it.

Modern history has lent an especial interest to the Pope's speech that Browning could not possibly have foreseen. The Pope is his ideal character, and in introducing him into "The Ring and the Book" he idealized Innocent XII. I cannot read the words of Browning's Pope to-day without thinking of the astonishing parallel between him and that great figure of recent history, Leo XIII, one of the ablest and wisest men of the nineteenth century. Innocent was born in March, 1615, and died in 1700. Leo was born in March, 1810, and died in 1903. Both men had the wisdom of this world heightened by spiritual insight. Both had courage, learning, piety. Innocent, on the verge of the grave, peered into the darkness of the coming eighteenth century and wondered what would happen to the Christian Church; how powerful the forces of skepticism would be, and whether the church would have sufficient resolution to meet them. Leo, on the last night of the nineteenth century, wrote a Latin ode to the twentieth century, gazing into the unknown future. Each man had been identified with the life of the whole century in which his career had passed. For my part, I cannot read the brave words of Browning's Pope without thinking of the great Leo:

"What if it be the mission of that age
My death will usher into life to shake
This torpor of assurance from our creed,
Re-introduce the doubt discarded, bring
That formidable danger back we drove
Long ago to the distance and the dark?
No wild beast now prowls round the infant camp;
We have built wall, and sleep in city safe;
But if some earthquake try the towers—that laugh
To think they once saw lions rule outside—
And man stand out again, pale, resolute,
Prepared to die—which means alive at last! . . .
Do not we end, the century and I?
The impatient antimasque treads close on kibe
O' the very masque's self it will mock; on me,
Last lingering personage, the impatient mime
Pushes already. Will I block the way?
Will my slow trail of garments ne'er leave space
For pantaloons, sock, plume, and castanet? . . .

I am near the end; but still not at the end;
All to the very end is trial in life; . . .
Still, I stand here; not off the stage, though close
On the exit; and my last act, as my first,
I owe the scene, and Him who armed me thus
With Paul's sword as with Peter's key. I smite
With my whole strength once more, ere end my part."

Every minister of the gospel and every divinity student ought to study Browning until the poet's soul is in his heart. For he believed in God, in immortality, and in Jesus Christ. And he expressed his belief in such fashion as to increase our faith, our courage, and our hope.

Wm Lyon Phelps

THE PREACHER AND THE FORCES OF DEMOCRACY

DEMOCRACY is not an idea. It is a spirit. It is not a mechanical formula. It is a living experience. It masters and organizes a number of ideas into vital forces. It is the profoundest of the compelling energies of contemporary life. The preacher who would be an actual leader must apprehend the significance of democracy. In him it must become articulate. He must come to understand what it is not as well as what it is. And he must see its relations to the profoundest realities of life.

I. Personal Democracy. The proper starting point for a discussion which is meant to be an interpretation as well as an analysis is a consideration of a man's attitude toward himself. A democrat in this personal sense is a man who feels that his own life has a real meaning, an individual significance, a quality to which he must be completely loyal. Many men of haughty bearing are really men of much self-distrust. They are trying all the while to hide how little they think of themselves by high and mighty manners. The personal democrat has a profound sense of loyalty to his own life. He is not an egotist. "An egotist is not a man who thinks too highly of himself. He is a man who thinks too poorly of others." The personal democrat is careful to avoid being swept away by crowd judgments. He is watchful with a critical scrutiny of those invading fashions of thought and life which would interfere with the integrity of his own life. Very assertive men are often very imitative men. They substitute vigor of action for independence of thought. The personal democrat is willing to be taught. He is willing to be guided. But all that he receives must be capable of appropriation by his own growing life. This deep personal loyalty gives a man a certain steadiness in all the confusion of human experience. What he asks for himself he gladly gives to other men. He lives in a world of persons, where each life must have room, and at the cost of any sacrifice must be loyal to its own deepest meaning, must keep its own integrity. The future of art and letters, and of all

the movements and activities depending upon worthy spontaneous personal initiative lies here. In personal democracy they find their greatest hope.

II. Social Democracy. Putting it in the sharpest and most clear-cut fashion, we may say that a social democrat is a man who is never bored in the presence of a human being. He has such a sense of the meaning and value of every life that every life becomes fascinating. This may seem like a counsel of perfection. It only means that when we fall below this standard we are still men, but we are not at the moment democrats. At this point Jesus was a perfect expression of democracy. He saw such alluring and summoning potencies in every human being that all lives stirred him. He amazed men by calling to some power within of which they had never dreamed, and as they listened to his summons a flutter of response in their breasts told that the call was not in vain. The social democrat is so sure of men's capacity that he is not too much cast down by their history. Gilbert Chesterton said somewhere that Robert Browning was an astute detective, convicted bad men of unsuspected virtues. This genius for finding the promise in every human life is an essential part of social democracy. There is another element, however, which is of strategic importance. The social democrat believes that together men are to reach the goal of life. He knows that a man reaches fullness of life not alone but in relations. In the fullest sense Robinson Crusoe could not be a democrat without the presence of the man Friday. And it takes all human types to achieve the full meaning of social democracy. Each man has the right to feel that he has something to give without which the whole would not be complete. There is a splendid combination of legitimate self-interest with unselfishness in the way in which the social democrat is all the while trying to supplement his own life by the lives of others and to bring to the lives of others the very culture and mental development. The intellectual democrat is a man who believes that only a small proportion of the people alive in any generation will ever be able to rise to the height of best which he has to give.

III. Intellectual Democracy. The intellectual aristocrat is

man who believes that all men have it in them to respond to the ultimate intellectual meanings of life, and that the best of culture should be made the possession of all of the people. He does not deny mental differences. He does not reduce men to a dead level. But he believes that all the permanently significant ideas can be brought within the reach of all sincere and growing men. He believes that any culture confined to some one social group tends to wither and decay. He believes that only democratic culture is saved from senility. Deeper than this, he believes that the common life and experience is rich in meaning which must secure adequate intellectual expression and interpretation. He is saved from slavish imitation of great old cultures by a compelling conviction that fresh sources of mental and æsthetic inspiration are all the while waiting in the throbbing and inarticulate life of the people. Mr. Nicholas Vachel Lindsay in his whole attitude toward the common American life is an exponent of this sort of democracy. He believes in the perpetual inspiration which comes from the common life. The implications of these fundamental convictions with regard to popular education are obvious. The common school, the high school, and the State university are the attempt of the commonwealth to function as an intellectual democracy. They rest on the right of all the people to have access to the best which can be known.

IV. Ethical Democracy. When a man of vivid artistic temperament claims a right to a code of immorals suited to his temperamental demands he at once reveals the fact that he is not an ethical democrat. A brilliant member of a certain church is said to have defended himself, when criticized for moral lapses, by saying that he was a genius, and could not be judged by ordinary standards. Such an attitude is not only a repudiation of democracy in ethics, it is also a repudiation of ethics itself. In this realm if there is more than one standard there is no standard. Ethical democracy rests upon the principle that there is one right for all men everywhere. The moral law is the same for rich and poor. It is the same for learned and ignorant. There is one ultimate standard of righteousness for all the world. Here we come upon an important practical matter. Ignorance cannot

affect the standard. But ignorance may affect a man's ethical responsibility. The fact that he did not know that a deed is wrong does not change the nature of the deed, but it does change the psychology of the deed, and it does affect the question of guilt. You need to have intentional violation of a standard a man knows in order to have personal guilt, but any violation of the true standard is a tragic break in the ethical harmony of life. Out of these facts comes the necessity for ethical education. The standards which the long experience of the race has vindicated should be made clear to all men everywhere.

V. Ecclesiastical Democracy. The church, in as far as it is a true church, is an organized spirit. It is the invisible life in Christ taking the form of visible organization. In this organization all men who share the Christian life are peers. All the differences of position in the Christian church which is true to the essential meaning of the Christian life are differences for the sake of administrative efficiency. In ecclesiastical citizenship every member of the church ranks with every other member. The will of the Christian commonwealth (meaning by commonwealth the members of the church) is the source of ecclesiastical power. All officers, orders, all boards, all aspects of organization derive their meaning and powers from the people who make up the church. They give and they take away. Of course the temptation and the danger of highly organized ecclesiastical systems is that they will part company with Christian democracy. The very genius of the Church of Rome is undemocratic. Luther's protest in the sixteenth century was based upon a great principle of ecclesiastical democracy. The heart of this principle is that any man with a Christian experience has a right to stand out against the whole hierarchy if the church authority contradicts that experience, and as every man may have that experience, as a direct gift of God, with one swift cut of the knife this principle does away with ecclesiastical aristocracy and autocracy. The church which is based on Christian experience always has the root of democracy in it. It may be episcopal in its form of government, but its bishop is simply an efficiency expert selected for a particular task. He is the creature of the church. He is

responsible to the church, and at no moment does he have any authority other than that which the church delegates to him. As an ecclesiastical democracy the church keeps nearest to its own sources of power, and in profoundest relation to the truly creative energies of contemporary life.

VI. Political Democracy. The whole science of government builds itself about the relation of the individual to the state. When Protagoras, in the fifth century B. C., announced that the individual man was the measure of all things, the basic idea of one interpretation was clearly announced. When in the same century Socrates declared that not in the individual but in the class would you find the standard, and when in the fourth century Plato developed this conception so far that he insisted that the individual only had such reality as it obtained by participating in the general, the idea, the opposite view had been definitely brought within the arena. According to one view the state exists for the sake of the individual. According to the others the individual exists for the sake of the state. This second view is central in Plato's classic Republic. The Middle Ages represent the play of these ideas. First the individual is submerged. You have the Holy Roman Empire. You have the Holy Catholic Church. The class is the significant thing. The individual is quite out of sight. In the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries the solidarity represented by the church and the solidarity represented by the state are struggling, but there is no thought of a world-wide emerging of the individual. It is the age of triumphant philosophical realism in the life of the world. But there are mutterings even here. Nominalism with its emphasis on the individual lifts its voice even in this period. The mutterings become louder, and when Luther makes his great protest in the sixteenth century the individual has emerged to remain in the modern world. The eighteenth century was full of the sense of the significance of the individual. The reaction after the French Revolution and the fall of Napoleon was back to the idea of the submerging of the individual in the state. In our own country the two ideas have always been fighting. The Federalists—with Alexander Hamilton—and their successors by whatever name have put the state first.

The men who followed Thomas Jefferson and their successors have put the individual first. As a matter of fact the party in power has always tended to an emphasis on federal authority. The party out of power has always tended to watch it with suspicion. Thomas Jefferson, Andrew Jackson, and Woodrow Wilson have found that the exercise of presidential power draws men into the federal group. Thus politically some men have thought of life as a circle with the individual at the center. This when carried to its extreme implication has meant philosophical anarchy—like that of Proudhon, born in 1809, the year of Lincoln's birth, died 1865, the year of Lincoln's death. Others have thought of life as a circle with the state at the center. This when carried to its extreme implications leads to Prussianism, like that of the German Empire to-day. Real democracy in the political realm may be said to lie in a conception different from either of these. It regards life, not as a circle with the individual at the center, and not as a circle with the state at the center. It regards life as an ellipse with two foci: one the individual, the other the state. The individual and the state are in equal emphasis. Neither is allowed to usurp the place of the other. The individual receives all the freedom that is consistent with the common good. The state receives power up to the point where it would usurp the legitimate rights of the individual. In a true democracy the people secure their will, but are guarded from securing their mood. They can have their permanent desire, but they are saved from the results of sudden gusts of popular passion. Such a body as the United States Senate was planned to avoid this latter effect. When the checks themselves tend to become tyrannical men seek methods to check the checks. The popular election of senators in our own country has this in view. In a real democracy the popular will as expressed by the majority of the nation is the decisive authority, and this will is given such functioning organization as shall keep individual freedom and the common good in equal emphasis.

There is always danger that certain types of mind will mistake comfort for freedom. After 1871, when the Socialists were increasingly significant, Bismarck, that astute statesman, tried to

curb them. When this failed he tried by a subtle process to buy off the people from new and dangerous interests. He saw that there were two things back of the general unrest. One was a desire for comfort, the other was a desire for freedom. He knew that freedom was inconsistent with his highly articulated policy of state control, but he organized the state in such a fashion as to offer efficient administration and comfort such as had not been dreamed of before. The study of Germany in the last quarter of a century is a study of efficiency and comfort secured at the expense of personal freedom. The people accepted the price Bismarck offered. They sold their freedom for the ordered life and the old age pensions and all the skillful organization of which we have heard so much. The result was striking enough, but it was the farthest remove from democracy. Although Karl Marx had to go to England to secure freedom and protection to write *Das Kapital*, he did not escape from the danger of accepting an ideal of organized comfort which depreciated personality. Socialism, with all its splendid human passion, has found it difficult to avoid that mechanical view of life in which there is organized comfort, but no real freedom, no real democracy.

To what degree is the United States actually a democracy? If we try to answer the question, turning our thought to the franchise, we shall find that in some of the New England colonies only church members might vote, that after the adoption of the constitution up to the time of Andrew Jackson there were States where only property owners voted, that it was only after the Civil War that all men could vote, and we are only approaching the time when all mature human beings of rational mind may vote. If we approach the matter from the standpoint of the functioning of political parties we shall find that in the early days the party was the instrument of actual and vital political ideas. But as the country develops, especially after the Civil War, we find the party existing for its own sake, we find the professional politician using his powers essentially to keep in public life, often exploiting and partly serving his constituency. The leave to print speeches, circulated not because they ever had influence on legislation, but for the purpose of influencing a man's voting constituency to

believe that he is doing something in Washington, the party organization submerging the individual politician to loyalty to a big and powerful machine, illustrate at present this situation. In the early stages of the development of the Frankenstein of party the independent evolved. He turned from the party because the party was corrupt. He was incorrupt and impotent. To his horror he discovered that the big chiefs of politics loved him. He was a safety valve they knew how to manage. After the failure of the independent there developed the party man who played the game for the sake of ideals and not for politics only. Mr. Roosevelt was the pioneer in this regard. In fundamental political philosophy Mr. Wilson has followed quite in his steps. This type of leader knows all the pass words, is part of the big organization, but uses all his power to bend it to the purposes of true patriotism. The difficulty is that such a leader has to pay too large a price. It was so with Mr. Roosevelt. It is so with Mr. Wilson. Recently Mr. Wilson secured some forward-looking legislation at the price of what has been called the worst pork-barrel Congress since the Civil War. Thoughtful men are beginning to feel that the party man *per se*, the independent, and the man who plays the game with principles back of all he does, all represent an inadequate functioning of democracy. They have observed a remarkable tendency in the great political parties to come near to an equilibrium and more and more they are seeing the possibility of balance of power groups which will throw the weight of an organized independency toward forward-looking men and measures in every Congressional district. The National Voters' League with its periodical, *The Searchlight on Congress*, has come as with a flood of light on the situation in Washington to offer practical guidance to such men.

All this may seem to involve a rather dark picture, but this matter of decisive importance must always be remembered. In the United States when things go wrong it is our own fault. The people have the power. They can have an improved situation whenever they exercise the power in their possession and secure it. Whenever a demand of any sort becomes really national the politicians make haste to satisfy it. The Declaration of Independ-

ence was a great individual document. The Constitution of the United States attempts to keep both federal and individual powers in actual emphasis. The United States has the power and the promise of working out that ideal ellipse where free individuals and a strong state are united in an efficient democracy.

VII. Industrial Democracy. It is a commonplace to say that the inventions of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries have produced a new industrial world. When a machine run by one man can do work formerly done by a hundred men, the question of what is done with the amount formerly given to the other ninety-nine men comes to be of immense significance. The question as to what becomes of the other ninety-nine men is of even greater significance. The two essential problems of modern industrial organization are, first, a proper division of the product of the harnessing of earth's energies through machine power; second, an adequate utilization of the powers of all workers through new forms of activity growing out of our richer and more complex life. Some hardship in the process of readjustment is inevitable, but by a deliberate organization of the industrial forces it must be reduced to a minimum.

The fundamental principle of industrial democracy is the organization of the forces of the world about human values and not about things. Personality is to be recognized at its true value, and the very organization which has been used to exploit personality is to be used to protect and develop it. The minimum of result which will satisfy the requirements of industrial democracy may be expressed thus: The producing and distributing agencies must be so organized that, first, a wholesome sanitary environment shall be given to all men. Bad air and foul surroundings cannot be tolerated anywhere in a democracy. Second, good food in ample quantity must be within the reach of all men and women and children; third, adequate and comfortable clothing must be within the reach of all; fourth, there must be for all people sufficient leisure, and such means of utilizing it, that there shall be a growing recreational life for all; fifth, there must be time and means for the intellectual growth and the enjoyment and development which comes with the cultivation of æsthetic taste;

sixth, there must be the means and the stimulus for the recognition and development of the spiritual life. All this simply means that the physical, mental, moral, intellectual, and spiritual development of all the workers must have a definite place in the organization of the industrial world. Questions of property must be decided in the light of this principle. The important matter is not who owns the property. It is that the property must never be used so that it blights the life of the people. The question of wages must be decided in the light of this principle. It is a question of such efficient organization that every worker shall receive what is necessary for a growing life for himself and his family. The matter of the degree of state ownership must be decided here. At whatever point private ownership proves incapable of organizing industry so as to secure the all-round growth of the workers, the state must undertake to do what is beyond the skill of private enterprise. Industrial democracy does not imply equality of possession. It does imply the absence of the stifling and of the exploiting of human beings. The final world in wealth will not be a plain. It will contain mountains, but they will be mountains a man in any group who pays the price of industry and brain power can climb, and the level of life below the mountains will have wholesome surroundings and helpful environment for all. Industrial democracy recognizes the right of every man to obtain by labor good food, good air, good clothing, and adequate opportunities for himself and his family, and it keeps great doors of opportunity open for all.

In the present organization of society all those features are to be sought which give standing ground to the weak, and save from exploitation those who might be broken under the weight of unethical power. In this sense collective bargaining is an essential feature of the present democratic program. It is the only method by which the parties to the contract are made able to meet on a platform where each is strong enough to command the respect of the other.

Industrial democracy is essentially Christian democracy, for its putting of human values above material values is after the very pattern of Jesus's thought for men. Industrial democracy

in its final form will recognize and reward the manual laborer, the inventor, the organizer, the superintendent, the sales manager, the publicity expert, the man who makes plans for large enterprises and carries them out, the artist, the poet, the thinker, and the seer. All of them it will regard as part of the productive and distributing organism of the world, whose energies are bent upon making the world's resources the possession of all workers of all types.

VIII. Spiritual Democracy. At first there is likely to be some confusion when we come to speak of applying the principles of democracy to the spiritual realm, and careless thinkers are tempted to believe that the recall of the judicial decisions of the Almighty, and a human initiative and referendum with reference to man's relations with God are involved in spiritual democracy. Here we must emphasize a fundamental matter. Democracy is not the foe of distinctions. It is the foe of *artificial* distinctions. It recognizes real differences, but it repudiates those which have no genuine validity. In what sense, then, may we speak of democracy in a realm which has to do with men's relations with a perfect and absolute God? The answer is more simple than we might be inclined to believe. It involves three facts: first, God perfectly loves all men; second, God deals with men in the most scrupulous regard for their own natures and the structure of their lives; third, God deals with all men in the light of their environment and opportunity. This means that every man has real standing-room in the presence of God. In this sense Absolute means simply God's ability to take everything into account in dealing with every man, and in this final and thorough fairness we may say that God is the only perfect democrat and the source of all democracy. Men have differences in capacity. These God recognizes, and for every man there is waiting all that he is capable of receiving from God, and a training which will make him capable of receiving more. All Christian spiritual work—such as the labors of the evangelists and the endeavors of the missionary—has as its goal the bringing of men to the place where they know of these riches of personal fellowship which God offers to all men. The fundamental genius of missions and the fundamental genius of

democracy are one. A completely undemocratic religion would never undertake the missionary enterprise. Indeed, we may say that the work of Jesus Christ was essentially an endeavor to restore in humanity a capacity for functioning democracy which evil had thwarted. The Cross is the greatest dynamic which the world knows in the direction of producing the spirit of democracy, and the Christian life as an experience is essentially a realized brotherhood, a glorified democracy.

An attempt to say in the briefest outline what thrills as living passion in the most vital movements of contemporary life has the disadvantage of offering a skeleton of thought rather than a vivid and compelling and living picture of great energies at work. In the preacher's mind and heart these things are to become more than formulas. He is to feel the throb of them. He is to live in the light of them. Thus his interests will become as wide as humanity and his sympathies as varied as the quality of human experience. Thus all his energies will be at the command of those forces which move toward that Christian democracy which is in the making.

Lynn Harold Hough

THE CALL TO PREACH

THE great war, like any other supreme experience, has brought into the light of open expression and onto the printed page many matters that hitherto have lain hidden in the consciousness of men. By no means the least important of such considerations is the change in attitude toward the interrelation of God, men, and the church. To some the seriousness of this question and the extreme need of answering it correctly have come with a shock. They had not realized that the church was losing its hold upon so many men, that its teachings had become so much a matter of convention and so little a matter of vital inspiration to the daily lives of human beings. When, therefore, they saw Christian nations at each other's throats, when they beheld selfishness, self-righteousness, broken pledges, cruelty unspeakable, all claiming the sanction and encouragement of the many-sided entity we call God, these men in a blaze of indignation have denounced the church for its failure to teach men the difficult lesson of being good, and have despaired of the effectiveness of Christianity itself. Many of us, on the other hand, have been realizing for a long time that this problem has been steadily growing more insistent, and that soon it would demand consideration. The war has not created the situation, its white light has merely made the situation evident to all but the intellectually blind. The question's right to an immediate and profoundly wise answer lies in the fact that it has to do with the motive power of men's lives. There can be nothing in the world more important than that which inspires men to live highly.

As children we looked upon preachers as men set apart, untouched and untempted by the things that beset ordinary humans. We thought of them as did the little chap who received the announcement of his pastor's engagement to be married with the shocked query, "What! that holy man?" In our early years, in homes influenced by devout elders, we heard a great deal about a man's call to preach. The awe-stricken tone and rapt look with which it was mentioned led us to believe that the call was made

by the actual voice of God, heard by the physical ear of the man so signally honored. It seemed to us that such individuals received directly from God himself all the truth of the universe, and that, so receiving, their authority was absolute and unquestioned. In our maturer years we have become disillusioned. We know now that clergymen are like the rest of us. This was to be expected. Such disillusionment is wholesome; for it brushes away false notions. But the disillusionment is sometimes saddening, and even maddening when we realize the light in which many preachers regard their life-work; what a pitiful thing is their conception of their call to preach. To many of them it is a perquisite, bringing them dignity, importance, special privilege, which they somehow feel their own superiority has won for them. Oscar Wilde drew such a clergyman in the character of Daubeney in "A Woman of No Importance." From the angular eyebrows topping his glasses, past his silly mouth and his smugly touching finger tips and over his black coat, down to his gaitered legs, he is all exaggerated dignity and importance, with not a quality of mind or soul to bear it out. Daubeney is a type of the ecclesiastic whom we have always with us. He is by no means confined to those sects who do things decently and in order, with due regard to the amenities of polite society. Sometimes he is crude and common, and his conduct screams forth his demand for consideration. How he thrusts his calling into the face of mankind, and with what pitiful smugness has he gone on his way, happy in the belief that he is the cynosure of all eyes.

The impatience one feels over such men passes into sadness at the contemplation of another set of clergymen. These are the ones who entered the ministry because of an honest conviction, however misplaced, that they were called to preach. It has meant sacrifice for them to do it. Their personalities and gifts unfit them to reveal the point of contact between God and men, but they struggle along as misfits. They have no great spiritual insight to make God vitally real to them. They cannot probe the depths of the souls of mankind, nor have they that essential sympathy and intuition that make grief-stricken humans involuntarily turn to them for comfort and guidance. But they are good men, and

honest men, and if they realized the truth they would rather die than be what they are—deflectors of God's revelation to men. Such ministers are very apt to be exceedingly loyal to the denomination to which they belong. Its dogmas supply them with a sense of definiteness and authority which their hearts yearn for, yet do not feel, and for it they are grateful. Lacking the vision of prophets, they cannot stand alone in the wilderness, filled and upheld by God's vision within them. So their denominational structure means much to them in its fellowship and community of view.

In all sects there are a few ministers who are possessed of the Divine Fire, who are holding things steady in the upheaval of the world. They know that God lives and that He is not at all the Being that blinded and war-drenched monarchs claim as their peculiar property. They know that however much they may deny it with scientific coldness, with flippancy and cynicism, with cursing vehemence, men need God terribly, and that their souls beneath cry out for God, their Father. They know, these prophets of ours, that men have come a long way along the evolutionary road to where they now stand, and the sorry figure these pilgrims cut is due to the struggle through which they have gone, the mire of the road, the darkness and cold and fog through which they have passed. Such preachers realize that you cannot take these pilgrims back and make them traverse the same road in the form of dogmas and conventions and forms of expression that were natural to earlier stages of the journey. They realize that what were formerly helps on the upward climb may easily become shackles about the ankles later on. They know that men are divine, and that this divinity, which is like God's, is slowly but inevitably conquering the hindering flesh. So they keep alive men's faith in religion and the ministry. What makes such men different from other ministers? Why are they successes in the highest sense of that vulgarized word? What quality have they that the others know not? Why does God live for them, and why can they show him to others? What is the essence of the real call to preach?

The essential element in the call to preach is a thirst for Truth which is so great as to be an absorbing passion. By Truth

I do not mean facts, but spiritual principles; "those laws which govern our thoughts, our feelings, our actions, and which determine our relations to God and to each other." Nothing can stand in the way of this yearning for Truth; nothing else can be so dear. For the sake of finding out Truth, the preacher must be willing to sacrifice everything and endure anything. He must stand with his forehead lifted to the light, unmoved while men call him "radical," and "fanatical," a "heretic," a "dangerous enemy to religion," a "fool." By those who conceive men as made of intellect alone he will be sneered at as an emotionalist because he knows, and has taught that to perceive Truth demands feeling as well as thinking. To those who feel without questioning the justice of their emotion, he will seem an intellectual snob, throwing cold water on the fire of their enthusiasm. Men who devotedly follow science to the exclusion of all else will see in his intuitions only the unreliable visions of a dreamer. When the revelations of Truth flood his soul, and he is compelled to speak forth its majesty and sublime greatness to his people, letting its practical application to their lives come from within them, some of his leading laymen will be apt to feel that this preaching will not be as popular and pew-filling as some other. When Truth compels him to declare that churchmen are denying God by abusing the children of men, "sensational" and "socialistic" will arise the cry on all sides. When he sees that the church, with its dogmas, its sacraments, its interpretations, has become so outgrown a garment that it binds and fetters the souls of men, he must be willing to teach what he believes, although he will be accused of treason, and well-intentioned men of his denomination will look on him with dislike and distrust as a viper whom they have unwittingly nourished in their bosoms. For the sake of Truth, which is God's voice, he must forget himself. Honor and admiration and consideration, so dear to the human heart, even people's love—to a sensitive soul that most cherished of all possessions—he must turn from, if ever they have to be purchased at the cost of Truth. Hardest of all, he must be willing to cast aside what was once Truth to him for a larger truth, although the critic will call him fickle and the hostile will joyfully and maliciously point the

finger of scorn at his growth, which they call inconsistency. He must constantly enlarge his capacity for perceiving and receiving God's revelation. If emotional, he must bring up his thinking to render just his feeling. If, like Hamlet, all his life is inclined to be "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," he must compel himself to test what he thinks the Truth by putting it into action. If mental processes in him have a tendency to exclude feeling and intuition, he must struggle to make of himself a symmetrical vessel, fitly to represent the Divine Potter. In bringing forth Truth he must be as absorbed and solitary as the mother in travail, whose whole being is so concentrated upon enduring and accomplishing that she is unaware of her surroundings, even of the voices of those she loves, who would sustain and help her. Such a passion for Truth should constitute a man's call to preach.

One of the most sickening things in the world is the way churches and priests try to crush in neophytes this yearning for Truth. Many a time have I heard a bishop, consecrating young men to the ministry, pledge them in no uncertain terms to believe and teach as long as life shall last, not *God's* Truth, but the creeds of the church. How disgusting has been the spectacle, ever since Christ endured it, of an ecclesiastical body probing to find out how far the victim dared disagree with the dogmas of the organization. What farces trials for heresy are. You can't confine living Truth within a dogma. Religion is a life—the life of God in the soul of a man. You cannot bind it and keep it alive. It must grow. But into our churches we will receive only those who believe in a certain system, who will talk about God in the same terms that we use, who agree never to change. And so benighted have we become in our churches, and so unutterably selfish, that we would keep for our own uplift the modicum of truth we have discovered; and we look askance on others who in hunger of soul have asked to share the spiritual feast with us. And how widely spread the misconception of the ministry has become. Not many months ago two clergymen were discussing modern constructive Biblical criticism, and the new conception of life and of God that it brought. One was a Liberal and the other a Conservative. Suddenly the Conservative exclaimed,

"I believe you are on the right track. You have discovered the Truth. If I had time to study into it I would preach it too; but my routine keeps me so busy that I shall have to keep to the old theology."

Do you realize what this admission means? Having pledged himself to be the teacher of the souls of men, this preacher deliberately chose to teach what he was convinced was false because he wouldn't *make* time to seek and meditate upon the Truth. What matter if a whole month's pastoral work went neglected? What matter if the pulpit were unoccupied for several Sundays? What matter anything except the imperative necessity for the preacher's going apart into a desert place, opening books of the master thinkers who had already investigated, and, more important still, opening his mind and heart and soul to the great, good Father of us all, that by every means in his power he might know what is the Truth? And this in spite of the fact that most of his parishioners would infinitely prefer his former "soundness" on baptism and future punishment, to the new life he would bring back to them from his forty days in the wilderness.

A little while ago there came to this same liberal preacher a letter from an acquaintance, a layman, announcing that the pulpit of a certain church was empty and that the committee was considering the Liberal's name. At the end of the letter came this postscript:

"I didn't intend to mention what I am about to write, but I think I will, after all; for I like you and I'm interested in your success. You are severely criticized for being liberal. I agree with your beliefs; but why do you have to preach them? Why not avoid such subjects? Why not keep to the simple gospel? Why, if you must preach them, do you not slip them in, refuse to name them, sugar-coat them, so that people do not know what they are getting? You would go to the top much faster."

This man had no idea that he was insulting his clergyman friend. He would never dream of going to Dr. Carrel at the Rockefeller Institute and advising him to conceal the results of his investigations in typhoid, cancer, or pneumonia, while people sickened unnecessarily with these dread diseases. To all practical

purposes we place bodies so much higher than souls. To his friend the clergyman replied,

"You totally misunderstand my attitude toward my ministry. I am not at liberty to pick and choose what I like and call it from God. With all the powers I possess I must turn an open mind toward the Truth. I must not passively wait for it, I must seek it passionately. And when I am convinced I have found it it is not within my power to withhold it. I must preach the Truth."

To this letter, written months ago, there has been received not a line in answer. The vacant pulpit has been filled by another man, and the frank adviser doubtless regards himself as misused and misunderstood.

How the world needs Truth in its revelation of the relation between God and man! In many ways this is such a noble generation! There is so much honesty, such genuine interest in helping other folks, such a spirit of brotherhood, such wholesomeness, such efficiency. But most of life's problems are still unsolved. Grief and despair, sin and suffering, aspiration, doubt—all these still wrack and torment the human soul, and underneath it yearns for help, for something to reach for, somebody to aspire to. Men need God, but they do not know it. For many reasons they have turned away from organized religion. Sometimes they feel that preachers tell them things they know are not so, and they will not accept spiritual leadership from such men. Sometimes they feel an atmosphere of smugness and self-righteousness, of emphasis upon non-essentials, of triviality. And often they feel that the preacher knows little of God, that he has none of the prophetic vision in him that will inspire them for whatever life holds for them. They have asked bread and they are given a stone. So they renounce the church. I would have little blame for them if in giving up organized religion they sought for themselves communion with God. But they do not. For such communion they substitute golf, which is a wholesome thing for their bodies. Instead of getting spiritual inspiration they mend the closet door, or tinker up the yacht, or take out the week's ashes. They feast upon the Sunday supplement and the magazines. And the result is a certain loss of fineness, of depth, of spiritual quality. They

are more satisfied with themselves, more mentally and spiritually commonplace. They are material. They have no reach which exceeds their grasp. They have no vision, and it is God's truth that where there is no vision the people perish. May they not be won back to spiritual cultivation if they find in the ministry a return to the prophetic conception of its calling? This passion for Truth and its annunciation is the absorbing need of the pulpit.

The injustices and insults, the unreasonable demands, the insufferable patronage, the snobbery of parishioners, the poverty, the lack of opportunity—all these accompaniments of the ministry are well-nigh insupportable often. Mr. Sheldon has not exaggerated them a bit. The clergyman must shut his teeth and fight them to the death. But they are not the things that really matter most. They are the negative side. They must be fought with the left hand, as it were, while the right hand is left free for supreme uses. No man whose call to the ministry came from God will ever dream of letting the abuses of church and parishioner drive him into another life work. In his lesser way the Truth is worth the going to Calvary, as Christ went. It is the search for Truth and the preaching of it that counts. With this attitude of mind there can go no flippancy on the part of the preacher. He cannot say, as I have heard Liberals say,

"Well, I gave them one this morning. I guess that startled them."

Truth will be too sacred a thing to treat thus. It is holy, and demands to be handled with dignity and approached with reverence. If love of Truth has constituted a man's call to the ministry he cannot think of leaving it for more money, more opportunity, fewer annoyances, greater advantages. Business or educational work, even the executive and official side of his denomination, will have no appeal for him. Can you imagine Edison giving up his work to become a public lecturer or a Wall Street broker; or Isaiah abandoning his prophetic call for anything else that Israel had to offer him?

A friend said to me the other day,

"When your boy grows up you wouldn't want him to follow

in his father's footsteps and enter the ministry, would you—knowing as well as you do the annoyances and hindrances it offers?"

I answered her, and I answer you,

"I would be supremely content if my boy entered the ministry because he felt that his gifts fitted him to be a spiritual teacher, and because he sensed within himself, too overwhelming to be denied, a passion to know and teach God's truth."

Let no one pity him who has heard and answered this call; for to him has come the highest thing life has to offer. Poverty may pinch him until he feels excruciatingly the bruise it inflicts; insult may come upon him; he may be slighted or patronized by his inferiors until his manhood feels outraged. Humdrum may be his daily life, benumbing its external circumstances. But within he is conscious of a rich joy paralleled in prodigality. His soul mingles with the great souls of the universe who own him their peer in aim and in reach. No De Soto or Frobisher or Columbus ever set out on so stirring an adventure as his soul experiences. Life to this "divine fool" is a blessed thing—a wild exaltation of soul.

Eva Austin Judkins

THE REACH OF THE CHAIN

HE was carrying one end of a surveyor's chain when I met him. Obviously he was a novice. You could tell it by the pride with which he carried his head not less than by the care with which he handled the steel tape. None of your perfunctory work, such as many folks are guilty of once they leave behind the spirit of the amateur. I love the zeal of the beginner; and pray he may keep it inviolate through the sodden, unillumined stages of his vocation. This was, obviously, a beginner. He was helping to take the dimensions of a parcel of ground. Some day he will become proficient at the task. And then? Why, then he may imagine that one can measure a parcel of ground with a Gunter chain. But not for me. Not with a surveyor's chain. Not if my home is there, or my work, or my friend. Not if my heart is deeply there. Not if in some quiet corner of that parcel of ground lie the ashes of my mother. I do not measure such earth in rods and acres. Nor do I wish anyone else thus to measure it for me. I am too incorrigible a dreamer. It is home to me—and you might as hopefully attempt to appraise in sound-waves a "Moonlight Sonata," or in the typesetter's craft a poem, as to run a Gunter's chain down and across some sacred patch of soil and then say how big or how small it is. Lad with the chain, beware!

Quite recently a friend of mine was rhapsodizing, as sane men will, over his hailing place. Judging from his enthusiasm, it might have been as big a town as London. In his telling it had all the advantages a metropolis could lay claim to. Its thoroughfares, its commercial houses, its park, its churches—he described them all as if he were talking about the greatest city on the planet. And when, innocently enough, I asked the population, he looked aggrieved. What had the census got to do with it? What cared he how many other towns in the State were bigger—measured in figures on a page? It was *his* town. In similar mood another friend was showing me over the acres of his summer home. 'Twas the twilight hour, in which one ought not to discuss dimensions. I saw the garden, and the orchard, and the fields stretching away

toward the setting sun. And, like a fool, I asked him the size of his farm. And when he replied the answer seemed not to interest him. He hesitated—and I liked him better for the indifference of his reply. The place was *his*. It represented the fulfillment of his dreams. The number of apples on the trees meant far less than the fact of apples growing *for him*. Pity when a man must count the apples on his trees, or the shocks of corn in his meadow, before he can say how rich or how happy he is. Down the corridor of the intervening years I can hear my mother's lullaby. Yet I cannot recall the number of notes in it. Nor do I wish anybody to count them for me. That is no true lullaby which must be judged by the frosty standards of musical composition. Man with your Gunter's chain, please keep out of hearing just now: I cannot bear the sound or sight of it!

Yet I do not mean to be unfair to the man with the chain. In his legitimate place he is exceedingly useful; indeed, indispensable. All I ask is that he keep his place. We need his good offices in trade. We need him so much, and depend upon him in so many ways, that the law steps in to insist that his yard-stick be thirty-six inches long and his chain register precisely sixty-six feet. One end of the largest office building in a certain city had to be torn out and moved back some eighteen inches, as penalty for carelessness in the original survey. We need the man with the chain every time we buy carpets or suitings. We need him in every bank, and in every governmental department. Herbert Hoover is such a man. He is solemnly charged with the duty of determining how far the resources of America will reach in this time of world-stress. He must know how much sugar and butter we waste. His to understand the physical requirements of the man in the trenches and the man in the factory. With famine menacing the world we cannot afford to have him careless with his chain. Never before in the history of our government were given to any man such sweeping powers as we have conferred upon our Chief Magistrate. Their bestowal is an admission of our inability to estimate wisely the demands and resources of the hour. All we ask is that the chain be used without fear or favor; and that its user think of himself as servant, not master of men. He

cannot measure the true length of a prayer or the freight of a human heart.

The man of science is a man with a Gunter's chain. In another sense from that intended by the Psalmist, his "line is gone out through all the earth." He has achieved results almost incredible; has put the world in his debt. He has stretched his chain to the moon and jotted down in miles the footing: through the stellar spaces till we catch our breath at the reach. He knows the relative pull of each planet and the sweep of the wayward comet. And he is not less clever in the use of a chain almost incredibly tiny. He can count the red corpuscles in the blood as we count potatoes, and the hostile bacteria in a drop of water. Through the piercing eye of his X-ray machine he sees the heart pounding in the breast. Modern sanitation and hygiene, with their peerless service to mankind, are the work of the man with the chain. Most of the mitigations of suffering in this pitiless war are to be credited to him. The beautiful ministry of the Red Cross is directed and made effective by him. Gratefully must we acknowledge our almost incalculable obligation. But while we remember our obligation let him remember his limitation. For he may stretch his chain to the remotest fixed star, and back, and not hear the rustle of a wing or meet the Great Companion on the way. He may tally the blood corpuscles and altogether miss the secret of life. If he expects to discover soul with his instruments he will die in unbelief. All the finer mysteries of time and eternity—its heart-yearning, its penitence, its sense of the presence of God—lie quite beyond the utmost reach of his chain.

So we find ourselves back at the point of disgression; admitting the futility, the sometimes impertinence, of all conventional scales of measurement. In the art gallery of a friend hung two contrasting canvases. One was from the hand of Harpignies, and occupied a central space at one end of the gallery. It was vivid and big. The other bore the name of Millet. It was a tiny piece, twelve by fifteen inches, perhaps. You could not possibly make it conspicuous. Buying pictures by the square foot, you would take the Harpignies. Yet any tyro in art would give a dozen big Harpignieses for one small Millet. The latter *says* so much more.

And when you come to put a heart-price on a picture, or a poem, or a book, the man with the chain might as well roll up his chain and go home.

A picture or a book? And let the book be the Bible. One day a prominent insurance man, not a churchman—except, perhaps, by Lowell's test—thinking to surprise me, the preacher, pulled out of his pocket a copy of Isaiah which he was studying *as literature*. He said that he was reading the entire Bible thus—as literature. He had discovered a fact which not all churchmen have as yet hit upon: that, measured by the chain of literary appreciation, the Bible is a great Book. But when a man has gone so far as that with respect to the Bible he has not traveled far. Of course it is great literature; and as such it deserves a place—not frequently accorded to it—in educational curricula. O the absurdity of reading Cæsar and Sallust, Ovid and Virgil and Horace, and passing by David and Moses, Isaiah and Saint John, as literature merely. But the Bible is so much more and other than literature; more than history, more than biography, more than poetry and romance. It is spirit and life. It thrills with the heart-yearnings of the ages, and throbs with answers to the "hopes and fears of all the years." Not all other books in the best assorted library ever comforted so many broken spirits and dried so many tears and cleaned up so many lives. I am not afraid of any honest biblical criticism however unabashed. I am glad that scholars should apply to the Bible any criteria of appreciation or judgment used on other books. I am not disturbed at their scholarly findings as to its sources, its language—and all that. All I insist is that, after they have completed their mechanical measurements, they shall refrain from naming the size of the Book. Preeminently it is a Book for the soul of a man; not for his æsthetic tastes, but for the soul of him; for his conscience; for man as a son of the Eternal.

Or, consider the *place* of a man in the world. Why, you cannot even measure the size of the house he lives in. Up amid the granite of the Green Mountain State is, or was, a big white farmhouse. At least I used to think it big—as big as the White House doubtless. There were the usual outbuildings, and there

was the smithy by the gate. Under the eaves of the old homestead I gathered spearmint leaves long before Mr. Wrigley thought of his now infamous gum. In the brook, under the bridge, I fished fruitlessly, but always in hope. On the bank, in the meadow, I constructed my first telephone, with a cord for wire, and baking-powder cans for receivers. From the pasture around the foot of the hill—so black at nightfall—I brought home the cows; always in terror of bears. And the butternuts drying in the attic, and the "dutch cheese" at noon, and the grandfather's clock which I was permitted to tinker with. By and by they sold the place at a price *per foot*: drew a line on it, or set up a theodolite, and told its size and its value. Compute it—appraise it—you never can. There is not such another spot on earth—for me. House of my dreams, of love, of unsullied happiness. Men were made there. Life was lived there. Hope blossomed and withered there. How will you dare measure such a house? And if one cannot measure the size of a man's lodging how shall we run a chain around his place in life? Is the multimillionaire's bigger than his butler's? Or the statesman's ampler than his valet's? Or the general's more generous than his orderly's? The father of the Wesleys filled a more important sphere, apparently, than did the mother of the Wesleys. That was before the dawn of the day of feminism. If Susannah Wesley had been born two centuries later she might—but I hope she wouldn't! For the place she filled looks so much more commanding, seen in retrospect, than does the rectorship of Epworth. To find another incumbent for the parish would have been comparatively easy; but a woman to give such sons to the world! Let no man with a chain say that yours is an unimportant station. He cannot say. He does not know. His standard of values is as inept as a beauty-test applied to your mother's face. The man with one talent had as dignified a commission as his fellow with five talents. Maybe a wise investment of the single talent would have yielded a brighter result than did the five talents. The world is brilliant with such marvels. But, alas! the man with one talent accepted the cold judgment of the man with the Gunter's chain—at what cost the whole world knows.

And as with his place so with the *life* of a man. How shall we estimate that? By his stature? Or by his ancestry? or his fluency of speech? or his urbanity of manner? or the degrees he writes after his name? "*God* looketh upon the heart." There is no other place to look if we truly want to take a man's size. Is he big of soul? Does he know how to be patient with a redeeming patience? And brave with a spiritual courage? And forgiving with an all-compassing pity?

Or, *Jesus*—how shall we measure him? Once they said: "Never man spake as this man." But you cannot grade a man by his speech. On another occasion this was the tribute: "No man can do the things that thou doest except *God* be with him." But you cannot rate a man by his deeds plus his speech. There was Renan, with his æsthetic chain, confessing, "nothing will ever transcend the moral grandeur of the Lord *Jesus Christ*." And there was John Stuart Mill, with his moral scale, declaring that to so live that *Christ* would approve our conduct were achievement enough. Yet the Lord they thus announce the size of is not large enough to be a world's Redeemer. See him facing the multitude and refusing to send them away hungry. See him in the house of mourning giving noon for night. See him with Peter or the Magdalene, outwearing their sin with his compassion. See him in the Garden fighting your battle and mine. See him, at the end, dying for you and for me. See him gathering up into himself all the fevered yearnings, the spiritual homesickness, the tremulous hopes of a frightened world. How shall I measure him? Thomas brought his Gunter's chain one Sunday night. He was prepared to apply it to the hands and the side of our Lord. He thought he knew the exact distance from doubt to faith. But something snapped in his soul that night; and in an access of great gladness Thomas flung his chain away, crying, "My Lord and my *God*."



EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

CHRISTIANITY THE RELIGION OF LIFE

"The Christian bell, the cry from off the mosque,
And vaguer voices of polytheism,
Make but one music."

So sang Tennyson, and so saying, sang amiss. There is no such equality among religions as his words imply. In no sense do the church bell and the muezzin's cry and the polyphonic Babel of polytheism sound alike to the ear or to the soul.

To note only one difference—not to woman's ears do the Mohammedan muezzin and the Christian church-bell sound alike. The muezzin means the Turkish harem, with its semi-imprisonment, its miscellaneousness, its lack of refinement, education, and purity. The bell means the Christian home, with its freedom, its dignity, its honor, and the sort of womanhood that made the Harvard College boys call the three daughters of a certain university professor "The evidences of Christianity." The cry from off the mosque suggests the difference between a harem and a home, a difference vast and abysmal.

And not to woman's ears do the "voices of polytheism make the same music" as the Christian bell. In India, that land which is a squirming nest of polytheisms, the Zenanas, with their shut-in and suppressed women, and the senselessly cruel customs which oppress widows and children, do not remind Rudyard Kipling of the home he was born in and the Christian homes with which he is familiar any more than the harsh conch-shells blowing from the temples their raucous call to come and worship idols which grated in his ears one Christmas Day, reminded him of the holy cheer of London's Christmas chimes, or than the vile rites of the obscenely hideous temples of Benares resemble the pure and ennobling worship of Westminster.

"Vaguer" is an apt adjective for Tennyson to apply to "the voices of polytheism," though their vileness is far from being vague. Even Rabindranath Tagore, though at times more Christian than pagan, is vague, dreamy, indefinite, rose-misty.

The laureate would have spoken truth if he had said that the ethnic and pagan religions compare with Christianity about as the music of their lands compares with the music of Christian countries. In the Metropolitan Museum of New York city there is the largest and completest possible collection of musical instruments, from many tribes and nations and lands, ancient and modern. Compare not only rude, primitive instruments of ancient barbarian peoples, but the gongs and tom-toms of modern pagan nations with the perfection achieved in the piano and the violin. What have the Christless nations to show alongside the orchestras and choirs which render the great Christian anthems and chants, and oratorios, like Haydn's *Creation* and Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony* and Handel's *Messiah*, with its *Hallelujah Chorus*, in which you can hear the morning stars singing together and the sons of God shouting for joy. Take the most miraculous of instruments and listen to its incredible capabilities. Imagine a *Stradivarius* in the hands of *Ole Bull*. See what *Paganini* can do with only a single string. To show what can be done, he stands before a great audience and draws his bow across the strings so sharply as to break one string. The audience mutters its surprise. He does the same with every string save one, while the angry audience groans its amazement and disgust. Only one string left, one string and *Paganini*. A hush fell on the crowded house, until in the painful silence the sound of that one lone, forlorn string was heard. "And now 'twas like all instruments, now like a lovely flute; and now 'twas like an angel's song that bade the heavens be mute." He worked miracle on miracle of instrumentation, simply to show how much music is latent in one string, and how easily a master can bring it out; just as the Master, Christ, can take one individual soul, like *Charles Wesley's*, or *F. W. Faber's*, or *Mary A. Lathbury's*, and evoke from it a music which shall ripple like the morning to the farthest horizons of the world, and live through ages, and wake the echoes of the stellar spaces.

We think it would not have been unfair to say to *Tennyson* that the cry of the muezzin from the minaret of the mosque and the polyphonic *Babel* of polytheism compare with the Christian bell about as their musical instruments and compositions and vocalizations compare with the high and exquisite perfection, the almost divine harmonies, suggestive of the music of the spheres, which human genius has achieved under the refining and elevating influence of Christian ideals, the stimulus of the Christian aspiration toward perfection,

and of the joyousness which has been singing in the world since the angels sang over Bethlehem on the night of the nativity—the joy begotten by the hallowed glory of the Christian faith, and by the knowledge that God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself. “Christian Perfection,” which is the “Great Expectation” in character, is also seen in the superexcellence of Christian music. What non-Christian people have produced anything like “the molded notes of Mendelssohn”? A brilliant anti-Christian critic, speaking of art generically, whether in music, or painting, or sculpture, or literature, unconsciously offers testimony and tribute to Christianity when he says, “In judging artists of every kind I make use of this one test question, ‘Has the hatred of life or the love of life been at work here? Is the artist cynical or enthusiastic, deficient or exuberant of life?’” The critic’s doctrine is that high quality and potency in art are born of “superabundance of life.” By his use of almost the exact words of Christ, even this Christless critic unintentionally brings into view and sets in the foreground Him who said, “I am come that the world may have life more abundant.” Part of the fulfillment of that promise is seen in the primacy and perfection of Christian art in music and in other realms.

“The Christian bell,” which Tennyson’s careless words seem to lower to the Moslems’ level, and lower still to the conch-shell’s screech, has never yet been duly celebrated. Its melody and meaning cast a heavenly spell. What a subduing, solemnizing, and sanctifying spell fell over Syracuse in the evening half-hours, when, during the month of preparation for the Billy Sunday campaign, the chimes of the city shook down upon streets and homes in the twilight the sacred influence of such tunes as “Sweet Hour of Prayer,” “Rock of Ages,” “Jesus, Lover of My Soul,” “My Country, ’Tis of Thee,” and “Praise God, from Whom All Blessings Flow.” To a devoted daughter, watching for her sick mother’s final breath, the bell in the tower of the village church at Clifton Springs, calling through the dusk to evening prayers, seemed like the bells of the Celestial City, ringing to welcome her saintly mother home to the life eternal. Conch-shell and Christian bell! Can any human being who has heard both and knows their meaning hesitate which of them to choose?

In numerous particulars Christianity is unduplicated, unapproached, unparalleled. The sum total of those particulars makes the gospel stand alone, gives it a place pre-eminent, transcendent, supreme.

It alone has the full, clear revelation of the fatherhood of God, with its corollary, the brotherhood of man.

It alone shows a Saviour who dies, the just for the unjust, to bring men to God. Neither Vyasa, Zoroaster, Confucius, Buddha, nor Mohammed makes for himself the claim, nor his disciples for him, that he is without sin, and that as the one sinless One, he dies an atoning death for the sins of the whole world. For no founder of any pagan or ethnic faith is such a claim made.

Because of these and other distinguishing contents and elements of the Christian Revelation, certifying its incomparable divineness, the gospel's gloriousness is unapproached.

But its most singular and separating claim is that a dead and buried Man is the source and ever-living sustainer of the world's spiritual life. This was Christ's declaration concerning himself: "I am the Resurrection and the Life," "I am the Life." This, also from the first, was the claim of his disciples and apostles for him: "He is risen from the dead, and is alive forevermore"; and they sealed that declaration with their blood. The great apostle testified, "It is Christ that liveth in me," and preached to the early Christians, "Christ is your life."

"Christianity the Religion of Life" is a claim not difficult to substantiate. No other religion so identifies itself with life, and is so vitalizing and energizing to all man's nobler powers, as is the religion of Christ. And this is one of the reasons why it will survive and spread and conquer. Andreyev, the Russian, says, "Life is bound to triumph, and only that which makes for abundance of life can abide. I never believed in the supremacy of life so much as when I read the works of Schopenhauer, the father of pessimism. Since a man could think as gloomily and bitterly about life as he did, and yet consent to live, continue to live and prefer to live, it is evident that life is mighty and unconquerable. . . . Not systems nor views nor theories will conquer. Only that which is united with life will conquer; that which strengthens the roots and motives of life and justifies it. Only that which is useful to life continues and remains; all that is harmful to it will inevitably perish, sooner or later. Even if it stands to-day as an indestructible wall against which the heads of the noblest peoples are breaking in the struggle, it will fall to-morrow; it will fall because it wanted to impede and restrict life, the fulness and freedom of life."

Is it not true that the most central, fundamental, tenacious, and

universal of human instincts is the love of life? Richard Jeffries, in his *Story of My Heart*, tells us that there was a time when a weary restlessness came upon him. He thirsted for some pure, fresh springs of thought and feeling. An instinctive longing drove him to the sea. To get to the sea at some quiet spot was his one desire. And this is what he did: "The great sun shone above, the wide sea was before me, the wind came sweet and strong from the waves. The life of the sea and the glow of the sun filled me. I touched the surge with my hands, I lifted my face to the sun, I opened my lungs to the wind. I was in love with life. Then I prayed; yes, I prayed aloud in the roar of the waves." And what was his prayer? This: "*Give me fulness of life*, like to the sea, and the sun, and the earth, and the air, clean and strong and sweet. And give me also greatness and health and perfection of soul above all things." That was the craving of the normal man. "Fulness of life" is his cry. Not to be less, but to be more! Life, the life which is life indeed? He cannot get enough of it.

A few repudiate and reject life; but that is unnatural and insane. The number of suicides does not exceed the number of lunatics. And no one, whether sane or insane, flings life away until it seems no longer life but a living death. It is not life that they hate. Mrs. Browning's lines are true:

"Whatever crazy sorrow saith,
No life that breathes with human breath
Hath ever truly longed for death.
'Tis life of which our veins are scant,
O, life, not death, for which we pant,
More life and fuller that we want."

Buddhism, longing for non-existence, is subvital, a sickly mood, a soul-disabling depression, lacking hope and courage. It is melancholia made into a religion. A dejected lot are the pilgrims of Tibet, marching to Llassa, but seeking the road to Nowhere and Nothingness, droning their lifeless chant:

"Turn the wheel and beat the drum
Till we to Nirvana come,"

and worshiping by mechanism. Wheel-Prayer rhymes with Wheel-Chair and suggests invalidism and disablement.

Man wants a life which is real. "Lay hold on eternal life," wrote Paul to Timothy. "Lay hold on the life which is life indeed," the

Revised Version renders it. The demand for reality is instinctive. The craving is sometimes dormant, sometimes active and insistent, as seen not only in high-browed philosophers searching for the Ultimate Reality, sounding for the *Weltgrund*, but even sometimes in little children making first acquaintance with the world in which they find themselves. A baby was in his mother's arms at sunset. The mother tells the story:

"The sunset glow was fading. My baby boy, with me,
Watching the glorious shading of brilliant clouds parading,
Looked up; and then as if to ken what older eyes could see,
Said, '*Mamma, is it true? Is it true, all true—
The purple and gold and blue?*'"

"And what could I say to my little boy blue,
Except, '*It is true, Sweetheart, all true?*'
And the dear head nestling upon my breast,
The eyelids drooping to joyful rest,
The lips, as if a tryst to keep,
Said, '*Please, mamma, put me up there to sleep.*'"

Another day when the baby was a bit older he was on his father's knee hearing the Christmas story read from the Great Book. The father says:

"The Bible closing, slowly, the boy upon my knee,
Seeing the manger lowly enfold the Christ-child holy,
Looked up again as if to ken what older thoughts must be.
'*But, papa, is it true? Is it all, all true?*'"

"And what could I say to those eager eyes, blue,
Except, '*It is true, Sweetheart, all true?*'
And his eyes grew brighter with Faith's keen sight,
And his cheeks aglow with Hope's warm light,
His lips, with Love's unsullied joy,
said, '*Papa, tell Jesus I'll be His boy.*'"

"So, with the old, old story, of unseen things above,
That blessed boy-time story of Jesus and His glory,
There came to me, from Galilee, in Jesus' voice of love,
His promise, unbeguiled, of Heaven, undefiled,
If I too became a child."

Thus mother, father, and child, seeking the true and the real, rested together on Jesus, the Christ, the real-life giver.

Take him, all in all, in superb physique, robust mentality, and affluent red-blooded temperament, Phillips Brooks, with the swift onrush of his impassioned speech and in the total power of his appeal, was probably the most majestic figure in the American pulpit in his

day. In Philadelphia and the regions round about, in the years when he was rector of Holy Trinity Church and Matthew Simpson was resident bishop, there was mighty apostolic preaching from those two royal ambassadors of Jesus Christ, both of them manifestly in the apostolic succession. Possibly Phillips Brooks knew as well as any man of his generation what Christianity is. The world recognized him as an embodiment of it. He was a massive and majestic Christian. Also he probably understood what was the mission of Christ in the world, the errand on which the Son of God came from heaven. He has left his statement. Toward the end of life he said he had had, in reality, only one text in all his ministry. He had been an incessant and insatiable preacher, eager to preach seven days in the week. Few men have preached as many sermons as he. Hundreds of them are in printed volumes on our shelves. Each sermon is headed with a different text. Yet essentially, substantially, in reality, one text would cover the whole, the words of Jesus in John 10. 10: "I am come that they may have life, and have it more abundantly." That was the meaning of the gospel Phillips Brooks preached. It was the gospel of a more abundant life.

Many centuries have passed since that declaration was made by the Man of Galilee. For every one who lives and thinks there can be no more interesting and important question than whether the expectation raised and the promise implied in that unparalleled announcement by one who claimed to be divine, have been met and fulfilled. Well, it should not be difficult to get an answer to that question. The truth is easy to find, for the facts are recorded in the most conspicuous and indubitable pages of history. Who was the Galilean who so long ago gave Phillips Brooks the one all-inclusive theme and text for his lifetime? Well, whoever he was, one thing is sure, he has made good on his promise wherever and whenever he has been allowed to try. "Has Christianity succeeded in the world?" asked a Yale student of a great church historian; and Professor George P. Fisher answered, "The world has not tried it." They who have tried it, and no others, are competent to testify. Produce the records and call the witnesses, and when you have examined both, fling out this challenge:

Never once since that announcement was made has Jesus Christ failed to give a fuller and more abundant life to any human being who honestly put him to the test and gave him a free chance by accepting and acknowledging him and cooperating with him.

Never in twenty centuries has one Home admitted Jesus to its love and worship without having its life made fuller, richer, and more beautiful.

Never has any Community regarded the wisdom and authority of Christ by applying his moral standards to the regulation of its affairs and customs without its communal life being cleansed, morally and physically. And the one great lesson taught by Christianity through the centuries, and equally in our day by science, is that cleanliness, physical and moral, means health for body and soul, and health means life, life more abundant and vigorous.

Never has any State or Nation embodied Christian principles in its laws and practiced them in its intercourse with other nations without uplifting and ennobling its own life and adding to its dignity, prestige, and power. Few names in the roll of American statesmen are so surely illustrious as that of John Hay, who as Secretary of State carried truth and honesty and justice and the Golden Rule into diplomacy. He lifted the international dealings of his country to the Christian level.

Christianity's superiority is shown in its holding up the noblest ideals of character and inculcating and enjoining the highest ethics. For example, Christ's Golden Rule surpasses that of Confucius as active doing good surpasses mere refraining from wrong and cruelty. Li Hung Chang confessed when in America that the urgent and stimulating Christian incitement, "*Do unto others as ye would that they should do to you,*" is a nobler and worthier teaching than the mere negative check against cruelty and injustice imposed by the Confucian "*Do not unto others what you would not wish them to do to you.*" Confucius says, "Avoid being moral criminals, be half noble"; Jesus says, "Be moral benefactors, be all noble." In the one the life of righteousness is too feeble to be efficient; in the other it is energetic and active, the high tide of moral life flooding the coasts and inlets of human sentiment and conduct.

The Lifegiver who came to give the world a more abundant life has made good wherever he has been given a chance. Nowhere is there a single bit of testimony from individual, family, community, or nation, that Jesus Christ has failed in any instance to keep his promise of a fuller, happier, and stronger life.

What is the purpose of religion and morality? Its object is to cleanse, to purify, to strengthen life. The main proposition in Professor George H. Palmer's book on *The Field of Ethics* is that the

clearest statement of the purpose and effect of both morality and religion is found in the announcement made by Jesus, "I am come that men might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly."

It is not strange that He who is the source of religion and morality—who is the power that makes for righteousness in each soul and in society—could most clearly state, as the Harvard professor truly says, the purpose and effect of both. And the fact that he best knew and could most clearly state the object and purpose of morality and religion is confirmatory of his claim to be the source and the enabling power of both.

That he is that source of power was his announcement concerning himself. It has always been the claim of his disciples and followers for him. It is the testimony of all who have received his gospel and have let him try his power on them unhindered.

Through untold ages the tides of the restless ocean were ebbing and flowing on all the coasts of the world, without the tribes of men knowing or suspecting what power it really was that lifted and swung them to and fro. The natural idea was that the mighty movement originated within the ocean itself and was due to some tremendous force deep in the bosom of the sea. But in the course of time a day arrived when it was perceived that the cause of this great movement was not in the sea itself, and was not of the earth at all, but was up yonder in the heavens. A man pointed to the moon and said, "There is the shining cause of all the tides. The moon reaches down long arms and lays its mighty hands upon the vast waters and lifts and swings them back and forth from shore to shore."

In like manner, the hearts of men from the beginning were moved within them by some mysterious power ever since men were men and hearts were hearts; but they knew not whence it really came. They thought it originated within themselves. They never dreamed it was from above, or if they dreamed they did not know. Their restless spirits, stirred by longings, liftings, surgings to and fro, knew not that an eternal Spirit moves upon the minds and hearts of men. There was no one to say to them, "It is God that worketh in you." But the day of full revelation and illumination came.

Paul explained to the Romans that the cause of the life divine in the souls of men was that "power of Jesus Christ which was kept secret since the world began, but is now made manifest." And this is that "power which worketh in you," concerning which he

wrote to the Ephesians. From the infinite Father of spirits proceed the forces which rouse, regenerate, and transform human nature, and these divine influences are mediated to mankind for their salvation by Jesus Christ, the Redeemer, through the Holy Spirit. This is Matthew Arnold's "Power that makes for righteousness" in human character and conduct, which is "the power of an endless life," and which makes Paul exult in "the exceeding greatness of his power to usward who believe," the power divine, revealed and communicated from above by him who came down from above to show us the Father.

To whom shall we go? Not to Vyasa, or Zoroaster, not to Confucius or Buddha, not to the Greek gods or the Roman or Egyptian, but to Him whom we can worship saying, "Thou alone hast the words of eternal life;" to Him who says, "I am the way, the truth, and the life. No man cometh unto the Father but by me"; "Because I live ye shall live also"; of whom Paul says, "Christ who is our life," and in whom Whittier trusted in the last verses he ever wrote:

"Giftless we come to Him who all things gives,
And live because he lives."

This is Christianity's explanation of all the moral and spiritual life of the world. Wherever on the earth there is a bit of life that is holy and happy, it is so because the power of the unseen Christ is at work there. He alone has said, "I am the Life," and only his presence brings "the life that is life indeed."

And looking abroad more widely, outside of the question of the genesis of the religious life, to this complexion will the world's philosophies come at last. Christianity's explanation of things, of the entire system of things, of things in general and of man in particular, will be found to be the most plausible, reasonable, provable, and convincing of all explanations, and even physical science will have nothing to say against it.

It was a sturdy master mind, not unaware of any knowledge, but holding in full survey the realms of modern science and philosophy, who made the stout and sweeping affirmation:

"I say, the acknowledgment of God in Christ,
Accepted by thy reason, solves for thee
All questions in the earth and out of it,
And hath so far advanced thee to be wise."

The solution of all human questions is in and from the revelation of God in Christ, and he who is the Light of the World will lead

a groping and bewildered race, sadly fumbling all its problems, out of darkness to sure solutions.

The supreme service to men is to make known the "Life which is life indeed," with its explanation and source. A few years ago the two leading philosophers of the Continent, Bergson of France and Eucken of Germany, came from Europe not far apart to lecture in America. Their themes were substantially identical. In an age infatuated with physical science and mechanical triumphs, and overweighted toward materialism, they lifted high and loud the spiritual note; they made men hear the cry of the spirit which is in man. They asserted the rights and claims of the human soul, the reality and indispensableness of the spiritual life. They illuminated the nature of that life and set forth its rational explanation; they declared and argued the divine authenticity, the intelligibility and validity of spiritual experience. With clearness and great intellectual force these two sure-footed master thinkers delivered their message to packed audiences, and made good on their mission, casting the spell of the spirit and making thoughtful minds aware of the things which are unseen and eternal. In their addresses, "the intellectual power, through words and things, went sounding on," not "a dim and perilous way," but a clear, straight, well-built highway, firm for the soul's pilgrimage. Reasoning in a realm where definite intellectual grasp and exact analysis are difficult even for the acutest and ablest minds, and where clear definition and convincing reasoning are achieved by few, a realm in which the main reliance must be on the self-evidencing power of its realities within the individual soul—reasoning in that sublimated realm Bergson and Eucken yet set forth successfully, with powerful and inspiring cogency, the Religion of Life. Wherever they spoke they clarified and freshened the atmosphere of thought and feeling. In the great battle always going on everywhere for the rights of the soul, Bergson and Eucken are at one end of the firing line, with Billy Sunday at the other; the philosophers in university halls and the evangelist in his tabernacle crying each in the dialect of his own training and each reaching his own public, "Life, life, eternal life!" and each rendering incalculable service to the world.

"Because your life is hid with Christ in God, therefore when Christ, who is our life, shall appear, ye also shall appear with him in glory," Paul wrote to the Colossians. When we take that message in, when the full force of its wondrousness breaks over us, our hearts cry, "Such creatures as we 'appear with *Him* in *glory*'? Incredible!"

How can it be, thou heavenly King,
That thou shouldst us to *glory* bring,
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
Decked with a never-fading crown?

Hence, our eyes melt, our hearts o'erflow,
Our words are lost, nor will we know
Nor will we think of aught beside
My Lord, my Love is crucified.

We look up with adoring gratitude to the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, and say:

How thou can'st think so well of us,
Yet be the God thou art,
Is darkness to my intellect,
But sunshine to my heart.

We may share the well-reasoned confidence of the good old hymn:

And when I'm to die,
"Receive me!" I'll cry;
For Jesus hath loved me,
I cannot tell why.

But this I do find,
We two are so joined,
He'll not stay in *glory*,
And leave me behind.

The reason which rules and the law which works in Christ's exaltation of those on whom he has set his love are not unfamiliar to us. We see it at work in human nature and relationships on all levels of our earthly life. The matter is not hard to understand. Whether on earth or in heaven, love always exalts and enriches to the limit of its power those on whom it bestows itself, and shares with them its own best fortune.

When King Cophetua loves a beggar maid, the beggar maid is lifted to the level of the king. Her life enters into the splendor of his life now. The poor old beggarly life is gone. She leaves her hut for his palace. The king has made life royal and rich for her. Henceforth, he shares with her *his glory*.

In Rome they used to show you the window at which Raphael wooed the Fornarina, the baker's daughter. It was not a lofty palace window, but a lowly lattice in a humble home on the level of the street. What cared Rome for that baker's daughter? Nothing. But a great artist crowned her with the dearest honors of his heart, and

because Raphael loved that simple maiden he put her features into the faces of his Madonnas, so that it is her face you see in his great paintings; therefore, so long as canvas lasts and art endures, so long as men remember Raphael, they must remember her. See, this is the point: he makes her as immortal as himself, he shares with her *his glory*.

Down the river Clyde to Greenock go tourists to see there the grave of Burns's Highland Mary. Little reason have we to suppose her superior to a hundred other lassies in other Scottish towns or countrysides. Then why do tourists care to find her grave? Because Bobbie Burns loved her and sang about her and wedded her; made her name as lasting as the undying poetry of Scotland's most gifted bard, the poet of the homely human heart. Of fame he had much, and he shared with her *his glory*.

One day a strong man stood on the portico of the Capitol at Washington to be inaugurated President of the United States. It was his day of glory. When the Chief Justice had administered to him the oath of office, and he had kissed the Bible in token of his reverence for the sacred Word and of the solemn sanctity of his oath, he lifted his lips from the Holy Book, and turning his back on the applauding crowd, stepped back to a white-haired little woman seated just behind him, and stooping, pressed his lips to hers in a kiss as reverent as he had pressed upon the Bible. She was his mother, a plain and simple woman, humble and unknown to the world, his widowed mother. When James A. Garfield's hour of glory drew near, his heart said to her, "When I shall appear at the top of human eminence in sight of the whole world, you also *shall appear with me in glory*." That is the way human love does, and that, too, is the way divine love does.

"Appear with Him in *glory*"? That is the destiny of the great saints of the ages, and not less of the obscure and unknown and self-distrusting. When John Wesley was dying, one of his faithful friends, not present with him, knowing that a great soul was passing yonder into the heavens, kept saying, "Lift up your heads, oh ye gates, and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors, and this heir of *glory* shall come in." And that is the lawful, warranted expectation of all who truly trust in Christ.

Of the father of William Hazlitt we are told that when he was nearing the end of life at the age of eighty-four, he "made no complaint, but went on talking of *glory*, honor, and immortality to the

end," in high and assured reliance on his Master's Word and the power of Christ to save.

Richard Watson Gilder remembered his godly old grandfather on his death bed murmuring as if in prayer meeting or class meeting phrases of Christian testimony and confidence, with much holy language, colored with the very life-blood of his soul, sanctifying his lips and ineffably dignifying his venerable countenance, as his spirit was entering Christ's eternal *glory*.

George John Romanes's wisest, noblest, and most radiant phrase was, "The hallowed *glory* of the Christian faith." Nothing else so hallows; nothing brings so much glory.

The Religion of Life is the religion of great expectations; the expectation in this world of perfect love, "Christian perfection," as it is called; the expectation in the world beyond of sharing in our Redeemer's glory. The least and lowliest of those whom he loves and who trust in him may say with boldness and without presumption:

"Oh, think! to step ashore, and that shore Heaven;
To clasp a hand outstretched, and that God's hand;
To breathe new air, and that celestial air;
To feel refreshed, and know it immortality.
Oh, think! to pass from storm and stress
To one unbroken calm;
To wake and find it *glory*!"

"Your life is hid with Christ in God: when Christ, who is our life, shall appear, ye also shall *appear with him in glory*."

THE ARENA

REV. DR. WILLIAM G. WILLIAMS ON THE EPISTLE TO THE ROMANS

I WONDER if many have looked into this rare commentary? If not, a treat is awaiting. I do not believe its equal exists in any language, as a luminous exposition of Paul's meaning. I now fulfill a long-cherished desire to say a good word for this able commentary. In his Preface, Professor Williams says: "If Paul is mistaken in his theology, as some 'advanced' critics assume, that is not my present concern. I do not hold myself responsible for a defense of his view, as if debatable, but only for an explanation of his views." No student of the New Testament should fail to study this book. It is a marvel of keen analysis, textual criti-

cism, and charming diction. Doctor Williams, for many years holding the chair of Greek in the Ohio Wesleyan University, had few if any equals as a master of classic and New Testament Greek. As Butler's Analogy was the product of a lifetime's study, so this commentary is the critical outcome of a life study of this epistle, central and fundamental in importance in the New Testament.

The author does not hold, with some, that this epistle is an epitome of Christian theology, but is what the burden of the apostle's teaching and preaching was, a claim and defense of the equality of the Gentiles with the Jews before God, and of faith, not works, as a means of justification and salvation. It is a defense of God's plan of saving all men, as against Jewish exclusiveness. The exegesis of chapter 9 is an ample and lucid statement of all this. Of course in the development and conclusion of the epistle, sundry collateral statements and exhortations come in, but by keeping the main thesis in view, the discussion is luminous. The author gives an elaborate preface and introduction, as a setting for the epistle, and an indication of his aim and method. These are worth careful study. Before the textual comment, he adds an exact translation of his own, well worth careful reading.

The author makes some critical strictures on the Revised Version, and expresses regret that when the revision was undertaken it was not done more faithfully. He writes of the "imperfections" of this version, as what "we may call its deliberate departures from the apostle's meaning and language." "The errors of King James's translation were less to blame 300 years ago; but the Canterbury revisers, in the year 1881, are not pardonable for perpetuating all these old and sinister blunders in the English of the twentieth century." The author's discussion of Greek prepositions, conjunctions, and particles is interesting and satisfactory, and intelligible, even to one not familiar with the Greek.

There is a wealth and fertility of illustration of the author's points in quotations from classic Latin, Greek, and English writers, which adds much to the value of the book. Shakespeare, Milton, and other poets are made to illuminate the Epistle to the Romans. There are interesting scraps of criticism, showing the professor's profound insight and bold contradiction of current opinion. On the word "Gentiles," chapter 2: 14, he writes: "Indeed, this very word 'heathen' is itself derived from the Greek word *ethne*, and not, as Vassius, followed by Trench and the English dictionary, from the local word 'heath,' as if the dwellers on the heath."

As an illustration of the way some very perplexing passages are cleared up, take the author's discussion of the word "creature," in 8th chapter, verse 19. The only satisfactory explanation of the word in this puzzling passage I ever found is from Williams, who interprets the creature as the body or flesh, as associated with the spirit. This is but a sample of his lucid, satisfactory exegesis of many difficult passages. Another case is the supposed arbitrary and absolute predestination of the eighth and ninth chapters, and thought to be illustrated in the case of Rebecca's children, and of Pharaoh and the potter's vessel. Williams

reviews the now quite outgrown fight with Calvinism, with a cogent beautiful logic that gives the argument to the Arminian. In a masterful way he makes these chapters spell a different theology from the quondam fatalism, now well nigh abandoned. This epistle, formerly the stronghold of predestinarianism, is simply an exposition of justification—not by works of law, but free to all, conditioned on faith in Christ. This expert commentary on the most important doctrinal epistle of the New Testament should be in the hand of every student of the Word, lay and clerical.

T. J. SCOTT.

Ocean Grove, N. J.

TENNYSON'S POETRY OF NATURE

In the volume of 1830 we may already discover the characteristic traits of Tennyson's imagery. It is never concise, like Arnold's; it is profuse, detailed, and accumulative. Tennyson preferred two epithets or images to one, if both were beautiful. He seldom by one imaginative flash reveals the whole scene. Browning's method, if not more faithful, is broader. By a few suggestive touches he sets you in his scene—you feel you are out-of-doors. Tennyson, on the contrary, instead of setting you in his scene tells you about it, outlines the curve of the hill and scoop of valley, gives you the precise depth of shadow or tint of flower, or recalls the very number and kind of trees that stand before a cottage door. He gives an easy task to the illustrator; a draughtsman could reconstruct these country pictures with exact fidelity. As an instance of Tennyson's minute observation, look at the lyric which seems to me the most successful of the volume, "Mariana." Here the poet, above an underlying sentiment, heaps all the lovely imagery possible. There are over thirty distinct pictures; more than four to each stanza. The images, however, grow out of the feeling, and gain for the poem an artistic unity which seems wanting in most of the *Juvenilia*. The impression of the slow creeping of day after day and night after night provides a perfect neutral background for the melancholy languor of the woman. Such a lyric, regarded as the work of a young fellow half way through college, is a most astonishing performance. Tennyson's imagery, then, is patiently minute, but it has another side. It is passive and quiet. Tennyson loves the calmer aspects of nature—English meadow scenery, parks and lawns and hedge rows, equally distant from the smoky metropolis and from the crags or naked heaths of Westmoreland. "Not wholly in the busy world, nor quite beyond it, blooms the garden that I love." Tennyson refrains from describing Alpine storms or tempests at sea; he leaves lonely mountain heights to Scott or Wordsworth. His conscientious artistic sense leads him to confine his powers of delineation to the few scenes he really knows—to the few country, cultivated, midland counties and shore scenery of southern and central England. Tennyson, in more than one respect, was thoroughly insular. The self-judgment, however, which led him to

recognize his limitations and so seldom stray beyond them, was itself a sort of genius. The places he knew at all he knew intimately and could depict with immense accuracy.

"And one, a full-fed river winding slow
By herds upon an endless plain,
The ragged rims of thunder brooding low,
With shadow-streaks of rain."

There is an English meadow for you, with all its quiet and magic, as thousands of tourists have seen it, but as no one ever did or could paint it before.

Tennyson's choice of placid scenery rather than restless or boisterous reminds one of Arnold's similar preference. But there is a difference. In part, of course, Tennyson described quiet scenes, because he had known more of them, but the character of his imagery is due also to his own temperament. He loved repose and calm and order; these he found in the rural but cultivated landscape of middle England. Arnold, on the other hand, did not see in nature the reflection of his own peace of mind so much as the peace he wished were there. His disturbed heart sought nature as an anodyne. Surely, among her unmoved restful valleys, if anywhere, he could find the balm for pain, for that "something that infects the world." It remains to say that Tennyson found the consolation which Arnold only sought. In the end we discover no more peace in nature than we bring to her. In Arnold's most perfect descriptive verse there is still that poignant personal cry. Such poems as "The Lotus Eaters" and the "English Idyls" could be written only by a man whose soul was, like the landscape, "A haunt of ancient Peace."

Tennyson, like Ruskin, had the descriptive type of imagination. His quiet gaze missed nothing. It noted the undergrowth as well as the giant tree. It was as receptive as a mirror. By means of a brooding half-indolent reception of effects from every source Tennyson produced a harmony of picture which an impatient intellect like Browning's—ever on the alert, eager to save the integrity of his central impression, willing to emphasize symbolic high-lights, contrasts, and color—is certain to miss. Tennyson trusted with no misplaced confidence to "that inward eye" on whose retina the whole diverse scene is photographed. For this task Tennyson had the material equipment as well as the spiritual sensibility. For one cannot render sentiments or emotions into the language of associated images until one first sees and studies the object itself. Now Tennyson's investigations into the phenomena of natural science were more thorough than those of any poet in the present century except Goethe. His acquaintance with geology and astronomy was more than superficial, and the lore of the birds and trees was even more familiar to him than it was to Wordsworth. Mrs. Ritchie gives this charming reminiscence: "Almost the first time I ever walked out with him (Tennyson) he told me to look and tell him if the field-lark did not come down sideways upon the wing." Charles Kingsley pronounced Tennyson "the

greatest naturalistic poet that England has seen for several centuries." It is certainly no common observer who notes the

"lines of green that streak the white
Of the first snowdrop's inner leaves,"

or sees that

"The magfly is torn by the swallow, the sparrow spear'd by the shrike."

There can be no doubt that the riches and wide range of Tennyson's imagery depend immediately upon his scrutiny of nature in all her "visible forms." I think of no modern poet who can so translate a cloudy, half-defined emotion into an image and capture the intangible mood in his fingers. His imagination becomes then interpretive, and his verse the very language of our feeling.

I turn from Tennyson's descriptive method to a brief glance at his conception of Nature herself. Nearly all the great poets of our century have had a definite nature-philosophy. Wordsworth and Shelley attributed to nature a distinctly personal, if not conscious, life; Keats peopled nature with mythical beings apart both from human life and her own; Coleridge conceived of nature as sharing human existence—it has no independent life, but, since it is the image of our thoughts, those thoughts, and therefore the apparent world, are, with us, parts of Universal Spirit. To Tennyson, it is safe to say, all this would seem moonshine. These poets give us nature as spirit, Tennyson as picture. To them it is alive; to him a beautiful set of phenomena—matter clothed upon with forms of beauty. Tennyson has the temper of a scientist plus a lively æsthetic faculty. Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats, and Coleridge, all of them, share more than he

"The light that never was on sea or land,
The consecration and the poet's dream."

Let us turn to Scott and Byron. These two poets, the most popular of the early century, do not formulate any definite philosophy, but they differ from Tennyson in this: they loved lonely communion with Nature. Isolated scenery is portrayed with a delight which could not have been counterfeited, no, not even by Byron. Tennyson, however, took no pleasure in solitary landscapes. His fields are always humanized—we look for the gamekeeper about. He never gets really out of call of men without seeming ill at ease. Almost as much as Andrew Marvell he is the poet of a garden. When Tennyson describes landscape by itself it is cold; accurately sketched, but lacking in sentiment or sympathy. Only as it is a background for the joys and sorrows of man does it become vitalized.

FREDERICK LAWRENCE KNOWLES.

THE ITINERANTS' CLUB**CULTURE OF PIETY**

THERE is a lure about the word culture very fascinating to those who aspire after the true, the beautiful, and the good. It is a word that is difficult, if not impossible, to define satisfactorily. Its applications are quite diversified.

There is the culture of the intellect. This is more than the mere use of the intellect. It is devotion of the mind to high ideals of human life. The mental powers must be balanced by thought and use until their harmonious attitude keeps them from wandering into that which is low and mean. It expresses itself in the power and graciousness of the deep emotional nature, and in such feelings as are related to the noblest actions for human good. It includes the training of the physical nature, the body, that its impulses may all turn to that which is noble. It includes the refinement of tastes, the appreciation of everything that makes for the best in thought or action.

Matthew Arnold, the apostle of modern culture, said that the aim of culture is "not merely to render an intelligent being more intelligent, to improve our capacities to the uttermost," but, in words that he borrows from Bishop Wilson, "to make reason and the kingdom of God prevail." He holds that it places human perfection in an internal condition of soul, in the growth and predominance of our humanity proper, as distinguished from our animality." We are not now discussing Matthew Arnold's view of culture in its relation to religion, but of the culture of the Christian life. He gives, however, three considerations of culture in which he says it harmonizes with religion. First, perfection does not consist "in any external good, but in an internal condition of the soul—'the kingdom of God is within you'"; secondly, "it sets before men a condition not of having and resting, but of 'forgetting those things which are behind and reaching for those things which are before'"; thirdly, "a man's perfection cannot be self contained, but must make and embrace the good of others equally with his own and as the very condition of his own: 'Look not every man on his own things, but also every man also on the things of others.'" (See Shalrp.)

The other important word with which we have to do is the word "piety," which is difficult to define. It is a part of the nature of a man to want to be pious, however far short he may come of attaining it or defining it. It has to do with the attitude of the soul toward God as the Supreme Being, as the All-Holy One, as well as toward man in his relation to God and to each other.

The word piety is found but once in the King James version of the New Testament, and that is in the first Timothy, fifth chapter, fourth verse, where piety consists in the care for others, those of one's own household. The Greek term has been variously interpreted. Piety is also a growth and demands culture. Its origin is of God. It has its root in conversion. It has a definite influence on the human soul. It is the

Holy Spirit inspiring the heart and moral life. Piety can be cultivated, and there are helps to the culture of piety which God has provided for us.

The first method of the culture of piety is by prayer. This is the immediate contact of the soul with God. How to cultivate prayer in the daily life of the individual is one of the important things which the Christian needs constantly to consider. It, first, must be habitual. The power of habit in this, as in other things, is very great. Rev. Dr. Charles Lewis Slattery, in a book full of spiritual suggestions, entitled *Why Men Pray*, has given as his final topic, "Prayer Receives God." He says, "Whether prayer changes events or not, of one thing they are sure—it has made beautiful souls out of those who lift their hands in supplication. What would Saint Paul have been had he not prayed? And who can imagine a Saint Francis without prayer? The modern saints, too, have been what they were because they prayed—men of action like John Bright and 'Chinese Gordon,' men of thought and emotion like Tennyson and Browning, men of science like Asa Gray and Louis Pasteur. Their faces shone because they talked with God."

Piety may be cultivated by a study of the experience of those who have lived in fellowship with God. There have been in every age elect souls who, like Enoch of old, walked with God. In the Epistle to the Hebrews we read of the heroes of faith who are cited as examples to their generation. The influence of the biographies of saintly men and women has been felt in every period of Christian history. Next to personal intercourse with good men and women is well-written biography. John Stuart Blackie wisely expresses the value of personal influence which may well be applied to the study of Christian biography. "To have felt the thrill of a fervid humanity shoot through your veins at the touch of a Chalmers, a Macleod or a Bunsen, is to a young man of fine susceptibility worth more than all the wisdom of the Greeks, all the learning of the Germans, all the sagacity of the Scotch."

Meditation is an important aid in spiritual growth. Meditate, although a familiar word, is difficult to define. Its nearest synonyms are contemplate, deliberate, consider. Meditation is the soul's musing in the quiet hour alone with God. The world is for the time forgotten. In communion with the Holy Spirit the Christian feels the sacred influence. The heart goes out in loving adoration and praise. Set times for contemplation are desirable, but not essential, as the occasion may be furnished in the performance of daily duty. There may well be special subjects and fixed times for their consideration with much spiritual profit.

The psalmist magnifies meditation. He describes the blessed man as one who "delights in the law of the Lord and in his law doth he meditate day and night" (Psa. 1. 2). "I will meditate in thy precepts" (Psa. 119. 15). Paul's advice to his son in the gospel, Timothy, was "Meditate upon these things, give thyself wholly to them, that thy profiting may appear to all" (1 Tim. 4. 15).

To secure time for meditation men have gone into the deserts to be alone with God. They need not have done that, for God is everywhere and hears our faintest whisper and knows our deepest thoughts. It is

the simplest of religious exercises. "Utter simplicity is the first mark of meditation. The reason why it is not easy is that, being a method of reaching after contact with God, it requires all the preliminary conditions of penitence and humility."

Baxter in his *Saint's Rest*, which is still a classic, has a chapter on heavenly contemplation in which he strongly urges meditation as a Christian duty, and defines its nature. "This meditation is the acting of all the powers of the soul. It is the work of the living and not of the dead. It is the work of the most spiritual and sublime, and therefore not to be well performed by a heart that is merely carnal and earthly. Men must necessarily have some relation to heaven before they can familiarly converse there. . . . Other meditations are as numerous as there are lines in the Scripture or creatures in the universe, or particular providences in the government of the world. But this is a walk to Mount Zion; from the kingdoms of this world to the kingdoms of the saints; from earth to heaven; from time to eternity; from earth it is walking upon sun, moon and stars, in the garden and paradise of God."

The special means of spiritual culture in the means of grace, such as the preaching of the Word, the stated meeting for prayer and praise, and personal testimony of believers and supplication for the Holy Spirit in the stated services of the church, are constant public expressions of dependence on God at every stage in the Christian life.

The view we have tried to express may be summed up in the words of Principal J. C. Shairp, already quoted (*Culture and Religion*): "Culture when it will not accept its proper place as secondary, but sets up to be the guiding principle of life, forfeits that which might be its highest charm. Indeed, even when it does not professedly turn its back on faith, yet if it claims to be paramount, it will generally be found that it has cultivated every other side of man's nature but the devout one. There is no more forlorn sight than that of a man highly gifted, elaborately cultivated, with all the other capacities of his nature strong and active, but those of faith and reverence dormant. And this, be it said, is the pattern of man in which culture, made the chief good, would most likely issue."

On the other hand, when it assumes its proper place, illuminated by faith and animated by devout aspiration, it acquires a dignity and depth which of itself it cannot attain. From faith it receives its highest and most worthy objects. It is chastened and purified from self-reference and conceit. It is prized no longer merely for its own sake or because it exalts the possessor of it, but because it enables him to be of use to others who have been less fortunate. In a word, it ceases to be self-isolated, and seeks to communicate itself as widely as it may. So culture is transmuted from an intellectual attainment into a spiritual grace.

ARCHAEOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH

ANTICHRIST

THE word Antichrist is found nowhere in the Holy Bible, except in the Johannine epistles (1 John 2. 18, 22, 24; 4. 3; 2 John 7), but it is unmistakably referred to in the Gospels, the Pauline epistles and the Revelation of Saint John. Our Saviour on more than one occasion speaks of false prophets and false messiahs, who "shall show great signs and wonders, so as to lead astray, if possible, even the elect." He also quotes the prophecy of Daniel, referring to the abomination of desolation standing in the holy place (Matt. 24. 12ff.). Saint Paul, too, though not employing the word Antichrist in any of his letters, speaks of a time when there shall be a great apostasy, when the "Man of Sin," or the Lawless One, shall be revealed, when the Son of Perdition shall oppose and exalt himself against all that is called God, and who even sits in the temple of God, setting himself forth as God, as one who comes with the working of Satan with all power and signs and lying wonders and with all deceit of unrighteousness.

If we turn to Revelation the same type of wickedness and opposition to Christ and his Church is met in John's visions of the "*Wild Beast*" with seven heads and ten horns, of the Dragon and the Old Serpent, of the one called Devil and Satan, the one deceiving the whole world, and of Satan loosed from his prison to deceive the nations (see Rev. 12. 9; 13. 1 and 20. 7).

These various conceptions of the Antichrist, though expressed in different terms, evidently refer to the same subject; namely, to some great power hostile to religion and God. Nor were these ideas original to New Testament writers, but are all based upon the Book of Daniel and other Jewish apocalyptic writings. Our Saviour, as already stated, referred directly to the prophecies of Daniel, and the similarity between the beasts of Revelation and Daniel is such that no one can for a moment deny the source of the former. And as for the passages in Saint John's epistles, they are such as to presuppose the reader's knowledge of them: "Ye heard that Antichrist cometh" (1 John 2. 18); "and this is the *spirit* of the Antichrist, whereof ye have heard that it cometh" (1 John 4. 3). And as for Saint Paul, no one can doubt that this scholar was well read in Jewish literature and theology.

Thus we see that these New Testament writers were not dealing with a new idea, but rather reiterating what had already occupied the minds of the Jewish people in ages past.

Indeed, many modern theologians go so far as to maintain that the doctrine of Antichrist was not original to the Jews, but that Daniel and others had borrowed and adapted it from heathen sources, either from the Iranians or Persians, with their Ahura-Mazda and Angromainyush (Ormazd and Ahriman), that is, the principles of right and wrong, or God and Satan; or from the Babylonians, with their legend of Marduk (the supreme God) and Tiamat, that is, chaos. In support

of the Babylonian origin, appeal is made to Rev. 11. 7, where we read "of the beast that cometh up out of the abyss" to make war and to slay the two witnesses, and which is finally overcome and with his followers is cast into "the lake of fire that burneth with brimstone" (19. 21).

Without going further into this phase of the subject and discussing an extra-Jewish origin, we may safely conclude that the New Testament conception of Antichrist is based upon pre-Christian foundations, especially upon the visions of Daniel; and, without discussing the date of the Book of Daniel, we may say that the Antichrist typified in this book has been identified by both Jews and Christians with Antiochus Epiphanes, so justly hated by all pious Jews. He not only despoiled the temple at Jerusalem, but set up an image of Jupiter in the holy of holies, commanded swine, an abomination to Jews, to be offered upon the great altar, and was guilty of many other outrages. Indeed, he was so intolerant as to cause the Jewish people under the Maccabees to rebel against him (1 Macc. 1. 41ff.). The Jews had no difficulty in applying the words of Daniel to Antiochus, for was he not a "king of fierce countenance," who did "according to his own will exalt and magnify himself above every god," and who spoke "marvelous things against the God of gods" (Dan. 11. 36ff.). "When the end of the world foretold by Daniel did not take place," it became necessary to look for some other tyrant in whom the prophecies might be fulfilled, and thus Jewish fancy suggested, in their turn, Pompey, who put an end to Maccabæan rule, Herod the Great, and Caligula, "who is known to have given orders, never carried out, to erect his statue in the temple at Jerusalem."

The question naturally arises, have we in the passages above cited a reference to an individual, a distinct person, or simply an impersonal tendency, a spirit of malice and enmity against God and all goodness? Theologians have been divided in their views. Those of the earlier centuries, and down through the Middle Ages and till some time after the beginning of the Protestant reformation favored, as a rule, a real person rather than an impersonation of evil, a malicious spirit, rather than a spirit of malice and hostility to Christ and the Church. In later times the opinion has been growing more and more that the Antichrist, or the Man of Sin, cannot be applied to any individual, but rather to an impersonal tendency, to a condition of excessive wickedness and opposition to the principles of right. Indeed, it is not always easy to dissociate wicked men from wicked deeds. In all apostasy and rebellion there has always been some one or more prominent promoter. Even when we submit the passages in John and Paul to a careful examination we find ourselves in a dilemma, and know not whether or no the apostles had some particular person or persons in mind. The apostles were writing to those whom they had addressed by word of mouth personally, and perhaps often. It was, therefore, not necessary they should be as explicit as if they were writing to perfect strangers. Besides, they were writing at a time and in places when free speech was practically unknown. The words of Professor Plummer deserve consideration: "If we confine our attention to the passages of Saint John in which the

term occurs, the balance in favor of the view that he looked to the coming of a personal Antichrist is far from conclusive, especially when we remember that he says: 'Even now there are many antichrists' (1 John 2. 18).

And yet, while saying this, it is not impossible that both Paul and John, who were witnesses of such extreme persecutions, had in mind some one responsible party. If so, the former might have thought of Nero, and the latter of Domitian, both arch enemies of Christianity. It is well known that Domitian was the first Roman emperor to arrogate to himself divine honors. He caused himself to be called "Our Lord and God."

As already stated, the great majority of early Christian writers centered upon some one person, though by no means on the same. Thus it happens that almost every Roman emperor has been identified with the Antichrist of the Johannine epistle, or the Man of Sin of Saint Paul, by some writer of distinction. Some of the Fathers, like Origen and Gregory of Nyssa, treated the subject allegorically and drew the most fantastic comparisons and conclusions. Jerome said that Antichrist was a man in whom Satan dwelt bodily. Here we might refer to the legend current among Romans and Christians that Nero did not die in 68 A. D., but had in some mysterious way simply disappeared for a time, but was to return and rule with far greater cruelty than he had at first, or as Antichrist.

When the empire of Rome had become nominally Christian it was natural that the term Antichrist should not be applied any longer to the emperor, and as the power of Rome diminished from day to day, and barbarians from the north grew more and more of a menace, the opinion gained currency "that Antichrist was an individual destined one day to overthrow the Roman Empire and to establish a rule of consummate wickedness, which would quickly be terminated by the appearance of the Lord Jesus from heaven." It has ever been a favorite view that Antichrist was to appear and for a season reign with utmost cruelty and ferocity, but was finally to be vanquished at the second coming of Christ. Such a view finds support in the answer of our Saviour to the question of the high priest: "Art thou the Christ, the Son of the Blessed?" And Jesus said, "I am, and you shall see the Son of Man sitting at the right hand of power, and coming with the clouds of heaven" (Mark 14. 62).

The connecting of Antichrist's rule with the end of time, as well as with some particular individual, always led to confusion, especially if after the death of such a person things continued as before, and the end of the world had not come.

When Constantine moved the seat of government to Byzantium, or Constantinople, Rome naturally lost in secular influence, but as time went on the power of the bishop of Rome grew apace, and all other sees had to acknowledge the supremacy of the pope. Not only was there antagonism between the papal authority and the bishops and rulers north, but the emperors at Constantinople suffered likewise. The term Antichrist became freely used. "The pope bestowed this title upon the emperor, the emperor upon the pope, the Guelphs on the Ghibellines, and

the Ghibellines on the Guelphs." In short, all the rival powers in church or state made free use of the epithet. All heretics of any prominence were dubbed Antichrists. There are, however, two sides to every question; it is, therefore, not strange that the Waldensians, the Albigenses, Huss, Savonarola, Wickliff and others were all convinced in their own minds that Antichrist sat upon the papal throne.

While fierce theological contests were raging in the Western Church, a force appeared in the East which threatened the very existence of the "New Rome on the Bosphorus," and shook the very foundations of the Church. Mohammedanism, in its greed for dominion, played havoc with the Christian Church in many lands. The Moslem hordes treated their opponents with extreme ferocity and vanquished many provinces. It was then that the love of many grew cold, that might triumphed over right, and that the Eastern Church received a blow from which it has not recovered to this day. No wonder that the theologians of that period should identify Mohammed and his system with Saint Paul's Man of Sin and Saint John's Antichrist.

But there was an end to Moslem conquest. Brutality had spent itself and violence had become enfeebled. The dark night of the Middle Ages settled down to sleep and dream. Secular power became subservient to ecclesiastical assumption and the most powerful princes bowed in awe at the feet of popes. In short, the pope was the king of kings. Rome became more and more arrogant in matters of religious belief and less tolerant in secular matters, demanding absolute obedience to papal law and doctrine. Under such conditions the number of sycophants and cunning flatterers increased greatly. The more devout and independent either suffered in silence or withdrew from the world and gave themselves to study and religious contemplation. The study of Apocalyptic books became popular once more, and the unraveling of the numbers and mysteries of Daniel and the Revelator were indulged in as never before. It was not long till some of these had, by careful computation, satisfied themselves that the 1290 days of Daniel (12. 11), and the 1260 days of John (Rev. 12. 6), were at hand, that the end of time was near and that Antichrist, who was no other than the occupant of the papal throne, was to be overthrown.

A new day was dawning. The seed which had been scattered toward the close of the long night of the Middle Ages was beginning to sprout. The time was ready for a change when Luther and other kindred spirits appeared on the scene; with these the period of controversy reached its climax. The great German reformer, his associates, Calvin, Zwingle, and other lesser lights among the Protestants, hurled their anathemas against the Romish Church and clergy, and charged both with all manner of corruption and evil influences. The pope, the head of the hierarchy, was once more identified with the Antichrist, the incarnation of deception and tyranny. From that on for generations it remained in Protestant circles a "fixed idea that Antichrist would be found on the papal throne."

It is needless to say that the Roman Catholic divines, especially the

Jesuits, were not slow in trying to turn the tables on the Protestant theologian and to prove that the "great apostasy" was no other than the Reformation, and the "Man of Sin," or "the Antichrist," the arch enemy of the Catholic Church, was Martin Luther. Thus, no doubt, both sides, Protestants and Catholics, were convinced and satisfied with the interpretations of their respective friends.

Professor Findlay, of whose article in the appendix to his commentary on 2 Thess. 2. 1-12, we have made liberal use, has very wisely said: "This is one of those dark passages of Scripture which in ordinary Christian teaching, and in peaceful and prosperous times, receive little attention. . . . But in seasons of conflict and danger, such as those which gave them birth, and when some critical struggle arises between the kingdom of God and Satan, the Church turns to these neglected prophecies."

It was no wonder that theologians of all creeds saw the fulfillment of the above-discussed prophecies in the French Revolution, with its horrors and inhumanity, and especially with its antagonism to revealed religion and the Cross of Jesus Christ. But the Reign of Terror, with its destructive passions, its ferocious crimes and wanton massacres, was a mere drop in the bucket in comparison with the atrocities and nameless crimes of the present awful war, which has embroiled the entire world in a carnage of such gigantic proportions, which has no regard for age or sex, and in which old men and women, defenseless non-combatants, and innocent, helpless babes have been ruthlessly murdered by the thousands, and when women and young girls of tender years have been subjected to indignities worse than death, and when the veil of the nun in the seclusion of the convent, or the garb of the sister of charity on missions of mercy offered no protection from the bestiality of libertines, who prided themselves that they were human beings of superior rank, members of the oldest and noblest (?) families of their fatherland.

Surely this is Armageddon, foreseen by the seer from the lonely isle of Patmos, the abomination which maketh desolate, the mystery of iniquity which tramples upon all that is holy, the reign of the Lawless One, which exceeds in its horrors the boldest flights of the imagination. Surely no one ever dreamed when reading the prophecies of the past that such a present was possible. The story of Belgium, Syria, and Armenia, recording deeds of unparalleled atrocities and acts unworthy of wild beasts, cannot but shock and paralyze all who are not utterly diabolized; for the records show such contempt for morality, religion, the Ten Commandments, to say nothing of the loftier teachings of the Prince of Peace. Surely the person or government responsible for this carnage, excessive brutality, and beastly corruption must be regarded as the incarnation of all that is evil, as the arch enemy of God and humanity. Is this then not Antichrist? Why should we look for another?

But blessed be the Lord who giveth us the victory. God lives and rules. He will not be slack to fulfill his promises. Has he not said, "Yea, I come quickly"? Let us, therefore, not despair, but rather say, "Amen: come, Lord Jesus."

FOREIGN OUTLOOK

"THEOLOGY WITHOUT GERMANY"

It is most natural that the war should have occasioned a general revolt against all things German, in particular against German theology. For it has been felt that there must be something very wrong with the religious life and thought of Germany, else that country could never have waged war as she is doing. Doubtless in this thought there is a large measure of truth. Even before this war broke out many grateful admirers of certain large elements in German theology had clearly recognized the sore hurt done to German Christianity by the enforced subservience of the established churches to state authority. No small part of what is wrong with German theology is chargeable to this unfortunate relation. But of course there are also faults that must be traced to other sources.

It is hardly to be doubted that large circles of American and British theologians have shown a more or less abnormal dependence upon German theology. When, therefore, the watchword, "Theology without Germany," is given out, as was recently done by the Rev. E. S. Waterhouse, in the *Contemporary Review* of August, 1917, we understand and in no small measure sympathize with the thought. Mr. Waterhouse points out several very serious faults in German theology. He also, of course, freely acknowledges certain marked excellences in the same. Apart from the merits of the case against German theology, Mr. Waterhouse is doubtless right in his conviction that the bond of fellowship in the realm of theology between Great Britain and Germany has been almost entirely severed for a considerable period to come. This he seems to regard as not only natural and inevitable, but also eminently right. This attitude we regard as deplorable and unsound. The just reproaches that must lie against much of modern theology and philosophy are very serious indeed. But the utter severance of the bond of fellowship between the *Christian* thinkers of different lands is impossible and unthinkable. We must distinguish. The real Christians of Germany are as truly members of the one body, along with the real Christians of other lands, in the midst of the war, and shall be so after the war has ceased. *Whence come wars?* Not from the excess of Christian fellowship, but from its defect. The church of Christ is a unity of believers from every land and tongue; and against this fellowship the gates of hell shall not prevail.

It is justly charged that German theology is much vitiated by questionable speculations and presuppositions, and that its fruits are sometimes quite unwholesome. But is "German theology" all of a piece? Is it *all* the abomination of desolation in the holy place? Are there no sound, wholesome, and strong Christian thinkers in Germany, who are fighting the good fight of faith—fighting valiantly against the evils which we so much deplore? If there are such, it will behoove us to make all haste to extend them the right hand of fellowship and join them in the good fight.

That there are in Germany many exponents of a pure and noble

Christianity, and many eminently sane and well-balanced theologians, seems to us to stand beyond dispute. Outside of Germany no doubt, but also—and perhaps especially—in Germany may be found the antidote to certain baneful tendencies in modern German theology. But in the last two or three decades we have chiefly turned our ear to the left wing, often the extreme left wing, of German theologians. We are fain to quote on this point the testimony and admonition of Dr. P. T. Forsyth. After recognizing the useful function of historical criticism he says: "But it is a misfortune to us, which is also almost beyond reckoning, that most of the translated works are those of a more or less destructive school. For extremes are always easier to grasp and to sell. . . . The misfortune to the partially educated in this subject, who only read English, is great; especially as the popular impression is produced (and sometimes pursued) that all the ability and knowledge are on one side. Certain nimble popular journals live on the delusion; and they have not so much as heard whether there be alongside of brilliants like Wernle and Schmiedel giants like Kähler and Zahn. It would not be too much to say that the latter two are among the most powerful minds of the world in the region—one of theology and one of scholarship. Yet in this country (Britain), and certainly to our preachers, they are almost unknown" (Person and Place of Jesus Christ, Preface). To Kähler himself it was something of a riddle and a matter of deep regret that nearly all recent American students of theology in German universities attached themselves to the teachers of pronounced liberal tendencies. "They have not thought it worth while to listen to our answer to the 'modern' theology." Yet Kähler was such a man as attracted, during the score of years when he stood at the height of his influence, more hearers than any other systematic theologian in Germany. Mr. Waterhouse exemplifies his thesis that German theology tends to extravagances by mention of Schweitzer's *The Quest of the Historical Jesus* and Arthur Drews's *Christ-Myth*. But he did not tell us that Schweitzer's extreme eschatological interpretation of the activity and teaching of Jesus has been explicitly repudiated by virtually all the liberal theologians, to say nothing of the conservatives, in German universities. And Drews has been overwhelmed by the most complete refutation of his vagaries by nearly the whole phalanx of liberal theologians as well as conservatives. He is in no sense a theologian, either by profession or by training. Mr. Waterhouse was right in citing Drews, if his object was to show how sadly philosophical speculation can vitiate historical criticism; but if he meant to set forth Drews as a typical illustration of German theological tendencies, he overshot the mark. At all events Drews had English and American as well as German precursors in his particular folly.

Our thesis is not that German theology presents a picture of normal health and development. Far from it. There are tendencies in German theology which we regard as seriously harmful and even destructive. Against these tendencies we would now, even more clearly than in the past, utter the strongest possible protest. Let it not be supposed, however, that we are attacking all so-called liberal theology in Germany. Much that is commonly called liberal theology seems to us to have within it

the vitalizing and controlling principle of a sound evangelical faith. It is liberal only in some conventional sense of the word. But there is a liberal theology, of various shades of thought, that professes to be modern in the sense of no longer affirming the finality of the biblical revelation, but recognizing the principle of the perpetual evolution of "the Christian idea." Against this modern theology we protest—the theology that would put a religious idea in the place of the historical, biblical Christ. But while we so unconditionally oppose these negative tendencies, it is a great comfort to reflect upon the fact that there are still in Germany mighty witnesses to the pure Christian faith and upholders of the highest principles of Christian morality. In spite of the sad perversions of religious thinking as revealed in the well-known book, *Hurrah and Hallelujah*, we are glad to assure our readers that we know of many utterances of a wholly different tenor. There is encouragement in this when it sometimes seems as if the Christian foundations in Germany were crumbling or had crumbled.

We often declare that, while we are fighting against the execrable system of autocracy and militarism, we are not really fighting to hurt the German people, but rather to help them to realize their true liberties. Doubtless we are quite right in hoping to see the dawn of a better day for the German people. May we not in like manner hope to see a better day for German theology? To some of us the voices of such men as Kähler and Schlatter, as Ihmels and Heim, have seemed almost like the voices of prophets. May they not prove to be heralds of a new day? For our own part we look forward with eager anticipation toward a to-morrow when a liberated German Christianity shall again become a tower of strength for a positive, evangelical theology. So let our program be that of independent research and thinking, yet of Christian fellowship with all that is good, even though it may be found in Germany.

THE REFORMATION QUADRICENTENNIAL AND RECENT LUTHER LITERATURE

UNTIL the outbreak of the war the whole Protestant world had looked forward with a lively anticipation toward the celebration of the four hundredth anniversary of Luther's break with Rome. Protestants of every land would have entered into this celebration with great enthusiasm. The war has rendered impossible the full realization of this design. Yet, in spite of the war, Protestant Christians the world over are devoting no small attention to the occasion. In the Scandinavian countries a fairly worthy celebration may be possible, but nowhere else. German Protestants will do a good deal in spite of the war; but it must be little in comparison with what was intended.

Just as the four hundredth anniversary of the birth of Luther in 1883 called forth various highly important historical and literary productions, relating to the reformer's life and work, so it should have been in the present case. Not only have historical researches been very largely advanced since 1883, but new problems of the interpretation of history have come to the front. If there were no war we should expect to

find that few of the really influential theologians of Germany and of some other countries would omit to make some contribution to the researches or discussions relating to the Reformation and its significance for the present age. As matters stand, the literary output will be greatly curtailed. Sooner or later, however, the leading church historians will be heard from, for they have had this celebration in mind for years past. Even before the war the relevant literature was rapidly swelling. Much of this is of unusual interest and importance. Of such we may mention a few works. Böhmer's *Luther in the Light of Recent Research* has passed through three editions in the original and has been widely circulated in this country in a good English version. It is to be highly commended (along with the fine works in English by McGiffert and Preserved Smith). Paul Wernle of Basel has published an attractive and illuminating series of six lectures: *Reformation und Renaissance*. In 1916 Professor Scheel published the first of two volumes on Martin Luther: *Vom Katholizismus zur Reformation*. These are a few among many.

A feature of unusual significance in the recent Luther literature is the appearance of several Catholic biographies of Luther; namely, by Denifle, Grisar, and Weiss. The last has attracted but little attention among Protestants. The first compelled attention, because of its mingling of learning and extreme abusiveness. Grisar's biography, in three volumes, is a work of still better scholarship and of fair and judicial spirit. It has been translated into English.

Special interest attaches to the recent controversy over "the old and the new Protestantism." The thesis, that the new Protestantism is separated from the old Protestantism by as real a revolution as that which separated early Protestantism from mediæval Catholicism, is one of the most significant features of the thinking of that very vigorous thinker Ernst Troeltsch. Not that Troeltsch is strictly the author of the idea. The origin of the idea is to be found in the speculations and researches of Hegel, Schelling, and Baur. It was still further developed by Rothe. Troeltsch, however, by a sharper definition of the issue and by a vigorous emphasis upon its significance, has forced the problem upon the attention of all theologians. His view is set forth at length in his work on *Der Protestantismus der Neuzeit*, in the collective work *Die Kultur der Gegenwart*, edited by Hinneberg. Of the many criticisms of Troeltsch's position the most thoroughgoing is probably that by Loofs: *Luther's Stellung zum Mittelalter und zur Neuzeit*. Also excellent and more accessible is Kattenbusch's article on "Protestantismus," in Hauck's *Realencyklopädie* (including the supplement to the same in volume 24). Harnack, also, in the fourth edition of his *History of Dogma*, rejects the main contention of Troeltsch. The discussion of such problems of historical interpretation and evaluation is naturally of more moment than the elucidation of historical details. We believe Troeltsch to be wrong in his position; but there can be no doubt that he himself represents a theology that has become largely estranged from the principles of the Reformation.

BOOK NOTICES

RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

Faith in Christ. By JOHN J. MOMENT. 12mo, pp. xii+255. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, cloth, \$1.35.

The Cross at the Front. Fragments from the Trenches. By THOMAS TIPLADY, Chaplain to the Forces. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, cloth, \$1.

It is a wholesome sign of the times that Christian thought is deeply engaged in meeting the problems which have been precipitated by the present abnormal world conditions. The most hopeful feature about it is the open-minded spirit in which facts and solutions are submitted. Mr. Moment is modern to the finger tips. His chapters carry conviction because he has thought out some of the fundamental truths of Christianity and expresses them with persuasive clearness and in a refreshingly breezy style. The fact that he is a Presbyterian minister is nowhere in evidence. The same may be said of Mr. Tiplady, who is a minister of the Wesleyan Methodist Church, but whose impressions and conclusions, hot from the seat of war, deal with the positive message of the gospel without any sectarian bias. The two books are worth reading together. "Faith in Christ," writes Moment, "is nothing unless it begin with such a recognition of him as the only true and adequate revelation of human life, with the vision of him not only as supreme beauty, but as the *light of the world*. But those who do thus believe in him, accepting the valuations disclosed in his life, and sharing the faith that was in him, will find themselves at once not only Christian, but Christlike, actuated by the motives which actuated him, his character becoming incarnate in them. Christian faith does not so much *produce* Christian character; of itself it is Christian character." There are many forceful statements as to the conclusiveness of religious experience. For instance, the doctrine of the inspiration of Holy Scripture is a truth "mined out of experience, to be certified only by experience. Through the Bible men have found that their eyes have been opened to spiritual facts which otherwise they had missed, but which, having once seen, they can no more deny than they can deny their own existence." The chapter on "Modern Bibliomancy" utters some timely thoughts. "The Bible is the last book on earth of which to try to make a fortune-teller's manual. From cover to cover there is no place for magic cryptograms and Circean ambiguities. If John was careful not to mention the name of the Beast that he denounced, be sure the purpose of his omission was not to mystify his 'little children.' More credible is it that he was discreet enough not to incite the Beast to speedy vengeance. In any case, whatever obscurity we find in the apocalypses exists for us largely by reason of our ignorance of the times for which they were written; it did not exist for the original readers by reason of their ignorance of our times." A different kind of counsel is given in the

chapter on "Signs." Those who appreciate the character of Christ, his supremacy in the spiritual world, will not find it difficult to accept the miracles at his hand. "Our knowledge is far too limited for us to attempt to bound the power of the spiritual over the material, or to determine the extent to which we ourselves may lay hold on the power of God. Christ's evident spiritual superiority makes it by no means incredible that his activities should have transcended our experience. Whatever their evidential value, in any case the miracles are our wholesome reminder that there are a number of things still beyond our foot-rule philosophies." It is not often that we think of Paul as a poet. As a matter of fact, whenever the apostle speaks of the Cross, he is never the logician, but always the poet. "I doubt if there is a single passage in which he deals with the death of Christ that might not properly be set to music." The Cross gives us a sense of the dignity of human life; it awakens us to a knowledge of where lie the true values in life; it makes clear the love of God, which shines in the midst of all the injustice and the pain. This central truth of Christianity is receiving luminous illustrations during these tempestuous times. Tiplady writes from intimate knowledge. Referring to the men who bear on their bodies scars from the war, he writes: "By their unselfishness, these men of the limp have brought back our minds to the redeeming work of Christ. They have given us a deeper insight into the Atonement, and it will have a larger place in the thought and preaching of the future. When we see them limping through our streets or into our churches, we shall think of Him who trod the way of Calvary, that we might tread the way of peace." These men at the front know that Christ has not fallen, but has stooped to be nearer the timid and wounded and sorrowful. Their favorite hymn on the Somme was: "When I Survey the Wondrous Cross." In one of the villages which he visited everything was in ruins except a large wooden cross, fastened against the wall of the church. The appeal which this fact made to him is best given in his own words: "In the midst of our civilization the Cross stands untouched. Christ has stood in the midst of the fiery blast with outstretched arms, calling the stricken peoples to the shelter of his love. His arms are outstretched still, and there is room for the world between them. Broken business men, bereaved parents, lonely maidens, fatherless children, there are shelter and solace for all beneath the shadow of the abiding Cross. It towers above the wrecks of time. If that had gone all had gone. We could not have replaced the Cross. We can build new churches, new homes, and new businesses, but not a new Cross. If the Saviour had perished, all had perished. If it had not been for the vision of him, I should have gone out of the advanced dressing station and wept when, on that Saturday, I saw the wounded come back to us in such numbers that they had to lie down by the wayside and wait for us to deal with the worst cases first. I had seen them marching out singing a few hours before, and to see them come in wounded so soon after would have broken me down had I not seen a vision of Christ broken on the cross and saving the world by

his bleeding wounds and cruel death." A great deal can be quoted from this stirring volume of notable incidents. It will be read with the same zest as *A Student in Arms*. One chapter, which should be thoughtfully read by those concerned in the responsibilities after the war, is "The Chivalrous Religion Our Citizen Soldiers Will Require," "The moral greatness of our citizen army is at once a tribute and a challenge to the church. The Christian conception of life and conduct has been generally accepted as the ideal, and we have to make it the real. Christian conduct must no longer be merely conventional. It must be creative. There is a call for spiritual daring and adventure. We need spiritual pioneers, investigators, and discoverers—men who will experiment in the application of Christianity to our complex social life." The fact that this subject is receiving more than passing thought is seen in yet a different type of book. "Sapper," the soldier-author, in his latest book, *No Man's Land*, intersperses his versatile sketches with searching observations. Here is as fine a definition of discipline as can be found anywhere: "Discipline is merely the doctrine which teaches of the subordination of self for the whole; it teaches the doctrine of playing the game; it teaches the all-important fact that the fear of being found out and punished should *not* be the chief force in a man's life, but rather that the realization of his responsibility should be the guiding factor." When those who have learned this lesson return home the church must be prepared with a message big enough and comprehensive enough for every demand.

The Human Element in the Making of a Christian. Studies in Personal Evangelism. By BERTHA CONDÉ. 12mo, pp. x+161. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, cloth, \$1 net.

THIS book deals with the dynamics of evangelism, and has little to say about the mechanics of the enterprise. The latter is of secondary consideration. What is most needed is a compelling understanding of the motive of evangelism and of its imperative urgency. The bigness of the task and its manifold bearings on life are discussed with quiet impressiveness in nineteen chapters. At the close of each chapter there is a Bible study which gathers up appropriate Scripture passages that bear on the particular subject discussed and so gives the biblical focus. We do not know of a better book for training classes in the noble art of personal evangelism. Preachers will find it of special value, and every Christian, who must needs be by virtue of his very calling an evangelist, will find the book replete with most stimulating suggestions. It is "concerned chiefly with the human side of Christian experience, the moral situation we have to face in our own hearts, and the personal challenge that we meet in the teachings of Jesus Christ." It is moreover a book out of the ordinary, because it combines the best results of psychology with the burning conviction that if people are to be won to Christ it must be by the efforts of individual Christians. "There are

thousands of people who have never heard the message of Jesus Christ interpreted in human ways through daily fellowship with their friends. If they are ever to hear it we shall have to be true to those things that we have seen and experienced, and be willing to share them with our friends. The more natural we are the better we shall succeed. If we value at all our experience with God and our relationship to Jesus Christ, we shall find it more difficult each day to keep it to ourselves." It is especially gratifying to note how Christian faith and experience are socialized and how the obligation is laid on each Christian to give expression to the Christian life on peril of suffering from spiritual atrophy, which, alas! is the pitiable condition of many. The need for engaging in personal work is convincingly demonstrated by the fact that "there are those who make no professions of faith and have never become open disciples of Jesus Christ because they honestly do not know the way and have never seen any one who cared enough about it, seemingly, to teach them, or they have been repelled because people assumed that they were not interested." An important qualification for this great service is the readiness to live a sacrificial life. "It is only when we practice self-denial for a purpose that it is worth while. Our ability to help another depends on our power of spiritual discernment. Such discernment depends largely on our sensitiveness of spirit toward God, which may be cultivated or dulled by our habits of life. In fact, much of our shrinking from the task of helping others to know God comes from the consciousness that we are not ready, that our garments are not 'unspotted from the world,' and that our communion has been interrupted by what we have been doing." Four chapters on "The Challenge to Service" are followed by five on "Guiding Principles," which have to do with mental reactions, the development of a normal Christian experience, the unity of personality, spiritual comradeship, and prayer. The chapter on the last subject, entitled, "Releasing Spiritual Energy," lays special emphasis on the practice of intercession as an essential factor to success in personal evangelism. Intercessory prayer kills selfishness in us and reveals the sincerity of our interest in people; it quickens love in us, makes us sensitive and susceptible to the needs of others, and is the best way to gain a spiritual point of contact with those we would help. The third section of the book discusses with insight several types of religious experience, with suggestions how the approach is to be made to people. The nominal Christian is finely characterized as "a dreary spectacle of arrested development." The claims of the personal Christ must be presented to the non-Christian rather than any principles of Christianity. The same course should be adopted in the case of those with intellectual difficulties. Equally helpful are the penetrating and sympathetic counsels concerning those who are fighting besetting sins, who face problems of conduct, who live an unbalanced life, and who are feeling after reality. Parents and Sunday school teachers will be stimulated by two chapters on the religious life of children. What is written on "The Perils of Success" is a warning note to all personal workers, since it calls attention to the

need for vigilance. "Many an earnest Christian has begun a career of unselfish service for Christ in which evidences of spiritual power and leadership have not been wanting, and the lives of many have been enriched. But after a time the power of God may seem ineffective in the life, and all the activities may seem benumbed by a subtle paralysis. The service may go on as usual, but it seems more like marking time than making progress. Fortunate is that one who has the sense to stop at once and take a day off for prayer and self-examination to discover the spiritual foe." This book deserves a wide circulation among all who realize that evangelism is the first and the last work of the Church of Christ.

When Christ Comes Again. By GEORGE P. ECKMAN. 16mo, pp. 287. New York and Cincinnati: The Abingdon Press. Price, cloth, \$1.25, net.

Studies in Recent Adventism. By HENRY C. SHELDON. 16mo, pp. 160. New York and Cincinnati: The Abingdon Press. Price, cloth, 50 cents, net.

THE persistent and sustaining hope of the Christian Church in every generation has been the return of the Lord Jesus in triumphant glory. In periods of world crises the thoughts of believers have naturally turned to this perennial expectation. It has, however, frequently happened that the second advent, which should bring comfort, has rather produced confusion by reason of fanciful and fanatical interpretations. The great war has called forth a large crop of prognosticators and alarmists, whose doctrines are scripturally unsound and spiritually damaging. Professor Sheldon's little volume is an admirable historical and critical study of those adventist movements which have distracted the church instead of strengthening hope and establishing faith. After a thoroughly searching review of the entire subject, he shows conclusively that recent adventism has exposed itself to severe criticism on many grounds. It has shown lack of perspective; depreciation of the universalism of Christianity; an undue reliance on physical agencies so inconsistent with the spiritual program of the gospel; a tendency to abridge missionary incentive; and a spirit of overtechnical biblicism, which neglects historical and scientific considerations. We summarize his conclusions: (1) Attempts to determine the time of the second coming have no longer any credible basis. (2) There is no good warrant for associating the second coming with a visible earthly reign of Christ. (3) In the scriptural references the stress is laid, not on the precise form of the second advent, visible or otherwise, but on the certainty that the Christ would reappear in a way that would enforce recognition. (4) The millennium denotes an era of special ascendancy of Christ's kingdom in the world. (5) The coming of Christ is a union of process and consummation. He comes in every great crisis of the Kingdom, but beyond all these preliminary advents he will come in that transcendent visitation which is to signalize the ushering in of the perfected Kingdom, the ideal order

of eternity. In connection with a careful reading of Sheldon, we would suggest Dr. Eckman's clear exposition of the Scripture declarations on this absorbing theme. He refers to it as "a plain book for plain people," but it is, nevertheless, a volume which can be read with advantage even by those who have made a special study of the subject. Dr. Eckman reminds us that one of the temptations of earnest Bible students is to be "led away by the fascination of a difficult passage." We must be careful not to regard Christ's command to evangelize the world as though it were literally fulfilled, "while in immense areas of heathen blackness there are but little pin-prick holes through which the light of the gospel may shine with feeble ray." "The second coming of Christ will be at the climax of Christian development and not at the collapse of the Christian Church. His second coming is the goal of human history, and not the gulf into which all human development is buried." When some writers are competing with each other to defame the church, it is well to be reminded of what it has accomplished and of its present outlook. "The church as a whole was never more earnest and never more single in its devotion than at the present moment. . . . The church of our times is not only the most aggressively evangelistic of any period in its history, but it more nearly approximates the fulfillment of Christ's prayer that all his disciples might be one, than at any time since our Lord ascended from the slopes of Olivet." This argument could, however, have been made more convincing if Dr. Eckman had taken occasion to point out some directions in which the church must adjust itself to the new world conditions. Rev. 20. 1-10, which has been the happy hunting ground of millenarians of every type and stripe, is expounded in a satisfying chapter on "The Millennium." The binding of Satan, as the author rightly contends, has continued since Christ began his ministry, and the marks of the Redeemer's progressive conquests are found in every land. Another discerning chapter answers in the affirmative the question, "Is the World Growing Better?" The bearing of the war on this subject should have received fuller consideration. One of the best discussions of this particular phase of the problem is splendidly treated by Harry E. Fosdick in his little book, *The Challenge of the Present Crisis*, which we heartily commend. Much of the controversy about the second coming of Christ overlooks the great ethical principles which are distinctive of the gospel of redemption. Subordinate and irrelevant issues are, therefore, made central, and a spirit of pessimism and fatalism finds expression among millenarians of every class, so contrary to the courageous optimism of the New Testament. Dr. Eckman has written a timely book, which should be issued in a cheaper edition and scattered broadcast in our own land and on the mission field.

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE

Fundamental Questions. By HENRY CHURCHILL KING, author of *The Laws of Friendship, Rational Living, etc.* Crown 8vo, pp. 286. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, \$1.50 net.

Dr. KING says: "This volume aims to deal, in not too technical fashion, with some of the most fundamental questions, theoretical and practical, which are involved in the Christian view of God and the world. It is naturally intended, thus, both to answer difficulties and to suggest lines of thought which may help to confirm and to clarify Christian faith. Its chapters take up in order the perennial problem for all ideal views—the question of suffering and sin; the difficulties for any religious view which gather around prayer—the central relation of revelation and response between God and men; the question of how we may best think of Christ—the central fact of the Christian religion; and then, in the light of these conclusions, four large problems for Christian thought and life: the questions of life's fundamental decision, of life's fundamental paradox of liberty and law, of Christian unity, and of Christianity as a world religion." On the question of suffering and sin this book offers such thoughts as these: "I see no conceivable way of accounting for error and for sin in the world without making God directly responsible for both, if *genuine creative freedom is not assigned to man*. We must be dead in earnest as to man's real initiative, if we are to solve the problem of suffering and sin. As Bowne says, concerning error, 'Every system of philosophy must invoke freedom for the solution of the problem of error or make shipwreck of reason itself.' James vividly sets forth the same difficulty as to sin: 'When, for example, I imagine such carrion as the Brockton murder, I cannot conceive it as an act by which the universe, as a whole, logically and necessarily expresses its nature without shrinking from complicity with such a whole. And I deliberately refuse to keep on terms of loyalty with the universe by saying blankly that the murder, since it does flow from the nature of the whole, is not carrion. There are *some* instinctive reactions which I, for one, will not tamper with.' On the completely deterministic theory, every fact, however horrible, must be regarded as a necessary step in the development of the universe; in other words, from the religious point of view, God is absolutely and directly responsible. If, then, we are to be able to keep our faith at all in the broad rationality of the universe, we must assume man's real freedom. . . . An imperfect developing world, therefore, in the sense of a world in which many things may occur, because of men's choices, which in and of themselves ought not to be, is needed for the development of moral character in man. Even those other natural imperfections that belong to an earth in process probably make an actually more suitable environment for a creature developing toward character than a world conceived on more final lines. An imperfect developing world is fitted to an imperfect developing man. The imperfect here is the more perfect. Such a world calls out man's powers, challenges him to achievement, stimulates him to moral purposes, trains him in moral action. And, as to the prerequisites of moral character, we

know no way of growth in character that does not involve struggle, resistance, repeated choosing of the right against the solicitation of the wrong. This is quite in line with the psychological fact, that man is made, in every fiber of his being, for action; that his ideas and ideals become truly his, only through increasingly complete expression of them in work. And the imperfect developing world of which we have spoken, on this very account, becomes a peculiarly good world for moral training. So that we may well believe with Martineau that even 'the ills of life are not here on their own account, but are as a divine challenge and Godlike wrestling in the night with our too reluctant wills.' This need of struggle and resistance seems to be an inevitable law of life. Growth and discipline of character require it. And it is this law that Browning makes the old rabbi so effectively voice:

Then, welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand, but go!
Be our joys three parts pain!
Strive, and hold cheap the strain;
Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never grudge the throe!
For thence,—a paradox
Which comforts while it mocks,—
Shall life succeed in that it seems to fail.

Must this necessity of struggle and resistance be still called a psychological defect in our natures? The question may indeed be raised. But once more it seems fairly clear that, so far as human insight is able to go, one is obliged to conclude that if the conditions were otherwise, it would be only a play-world in which we live; that character is too stern a thing for one pleasantly to drift into; and that a good that could be so achieved would seem to us too cheap a goal, quite unworthy of our steel. The heroes, some one has insisted, are those who can stand the world as it is. It is hardly too much to say that the whole solution of the problem of evil depends primarily upon a proper estimation of the prerequisites that are necessary to the development of moral character. For the man who clearly sees what those prerequisites are, and what possibilities of suffering and sin they involve, and who believes at the same time in the infinite value of character, will find in these very facts a comprehensive answer to his questioning." Then comes the following: "Modern science, in the immensely longer stretches of time and space which it opens out to men, brings real relief to thoughtful souls by throwing some additional light upon the probable trend of the world's development. Similar light has come from a greatly enlarged historical perspective. In the light of evolution we can survey a far longer period, and can see what appears to be a 'dramatic tendency'; and the goal to be achieved seems to be worth its cost. Evolution may thus be said to give to men the vision of a larger portion of the world's orbit in the inorganic, organic, and historic, and so to enable men better to estimate what kind of a curve it is to describe. While we still feel keenly the smallness of our view, there is given at the

same time, thus, some added insight into the direction of the purpose of God, and so some better possibility of judging of the meaning of the whole process, and of even consciously and intelligently cooperating with God in the carrying out of his purposes. So John Fiske feels that he is justified in contending that the 'cosmic process exists purely for the sake of moral ends,' and in asserting 'the omnipresent ethical trend' of the universe. Though in many ways God's work is above our comprehension, yet those parts of the world's story that we can decipher well warrant the belief that while in Nature there may be divine irony, there can be no such thing as wanton mockery, for profoundly underlying the surface entanglement of her actions we may discern the omnipresent ethical trend. The moral sentiments, the moral law, devotion to unselfish ends, disinterested love, nobility of soul—these are Nature's most highly wrought products, latest in coming to maturity; they are the consummation toward which all earlier prophecy has pointed. We are right, then, in greeting the rejuvenescent summer with devout faith and hope. Below the surface din and clashing of the struggle for life we hear the undertone of the deep ethical purpose, as it rolls in solemn music through the ages, its volume swelled by every victory, great or small, of right over wrong, till in the fulness of time, in God's own time, it shall burst forth in the triumphant chorus of Humanity purified and redeemed. More important still is the help from man's faith in immortality. Indeed, it is hardly too much to say that we should be obliged to give up any solution of the problem of evil, if faith in immortality were impossible. No supposed substitutes for immortality seem to me at all to suffice at this point. They must appear only 'words, words,' to the souls wrested away from a noble friendship. Nor does this imply an essentially pessimistic view of life. Indeed, one might be quite ready to say with Le Gallienne: 'Man is born to be in love with life, and in spite of all the sorrow that life brings along with its joy, it is only an occasional pessimist here and there that becomes estranged from it. The saddest will usually admit that it has been good to live.' Still, one would have, even in that conviction, no sufficient answer to the problem of evil. It is just because men are made on so large a plan, with such capacity for endless growth, that we do not know how to harmonize with the wisdom and goodness of God the abrupt snuffing out of their lives. The more life means, the deeper its joys, the more inexplicable is its utter ending. The goal which the universe has reached in man seems too great and too precious, and its cost too inestimable, to make rational or right the flinging aside of human lives into the waste heap of the world. We cannot, then, solve our problem at all, if we may not keep our faith in immortality. It is because we can believe that this life is only a fragment of a larger whole, that we can still keep our faith in the love of God. Thoughtful men have come to feel that they may well thank God that they live in a world in which there is a problem of evil, a world in which uncalculating, disinterested love is possible. For, as I have elsewhere said, 'the greatest evil, after all, would be that conditions of genuine character should fail.' Every such true soul is a new witness for the reality of God and the spiritual world—'Jehovah's champion.'

'Reactions,' eh? Well, what's your formula
For one particular kind—I won't insist
On proof of every theorem in the list,
But only one—what chemicals combine,
What CO_2 and H_2SO_4 .

To cause such things as happened yesterday,
To send a very gallant gentleman
Into antarctic night, to perish there—
Alone, not driven nor shamed nor cheered to die,
But fighting, as mankind has always fought,
His baser self, and conquering, as mankind
Down the long years has always conquered self?

Where are *your* tests to prove a man's a man?
Which of *your* compounds ever lightly threw
Its life away, as men have always done,
Spurred not by lust nor greed nor hope of fame,
But casting all aside on the bare chance
That it might somehow serve the Greater Good?

There's a reaction—what's *its* formula?
Produce *that* in your test-tubes if you can!"

The author gives us Horace Bushnell's account of his own experience of passing from doubt to faith, and finding God. In the year 1831 Bushnell was a tutor in Yale College. He describes himself as if writing of another: "The winter was marked by a religious revival. What, then, in this great revival was this man to do? and what was to become of him? Here he was in the glow of his ambition for the future, tasting keenly of a new success, his fine passage at arms in the editorial chair of a New York daily, ready to be admitted to the bar, successful and popular as a college instructor, but all at sea in doubt, and default religiously. That baptism of the Holy Ghost and of fire compassed him all about. When the work was at its height, he and his division of students, who fairly worshiped him, stood unmoved apparently, when all beside were in a glow." Bushnell goes on writing of himself as if of another: "A kind of leaden aspect overhangs the world. Till, finally, pacing his chamber some day, there comes up suddenly the question, 'Is there then no truth that I do believe?' 'Yes, there is this one, now that I think of it; there is a distinction of right and wrong that I never doubted, and I see not how I can; I am even quite sure of it.' Then forthwith starts up the question, 'Have I then ever taken the principle of right for my law? I have done right things as men speak; have I ever thrown my life out on the principle to become all it requires of me?' 'No, I have not, consciously, I have not. Ah! then, here is something for me to do! No matter what becomes of my questions—nothing ought to become of them, if I cannot take a first principle, so inevitably true, and live in it.' The very suggestion seems to be a kind of revelation. It is even a relief to feel the conviction it brings. 'Here, then, will I begin. If there is a God, as I rather hope there is, and very dimly believe, he is a right God. If I have lost him in wrong, perhaps I shall find him in right. Will he not help me? or perchance, even be discovered to me?' Now the

decisive moment is come. He drops on his knees, and there he prays to the dim God, dimly felt, confessing the dimness for honesty's sake, and asking for help that he may begin a right life. He bows himself on it, as he prays, choosing it to be henceforth his unalterable, eternal endeavor. It is an awfully dark prayer in the look of it; but the truest and best he can make, the better and the more true, that he puts no orthodox colors on it; and the prayer and the vow are so profoundly meant that his soul is borne up, into God's help, as it were, by some unseen chariot, and permitted to see the opening of heaven, even sooner than he opens his eyes. He rises, and it is as if he had gotten wings. The whole sky is luminous about him. It is the morning, as it were, of a new eternity. After this, all troublesome doubt of God's reality is gone, for he has found him! A being so profoundly felt, must inevitably be." The light would not, in all cases, come at once, so clearly and fully as here; but it will come! To bow oneself with all one's soul on this basic decision to do the right, this is the challenge. All else can wait. From another chapter we quote the following: "As surely as man is made capable of religion, so surely is the largest life not possible to him until he opens his being to the tides of the divine life, to the inworking of the Spirit of God. The New Testament emphasis, therefore, upon the doctrine of the Spirit, is an inevitable emphasis. And the so-called 'new thought' of our time is only a less rational putting of the sense of our absolute dependence on the Spirit of God. That the New Testament should insist that we are to be born of the Spirit, that we are to walk in the Spirit, that we are to have in us the witness of the Spirit, means, not that there is the magical application to us of some thing or patent process, but the bringing in of a great new personal relation that becomes the source of all else in life—a new force, a new capacity, a new hope. And this new force of life counterworks the forces of death. In the moral as in the physical life, the only real protection against disease and decay is abounding life. And in the light of the doctrine of the Spirit, God's free forgiveness is seen to mean, not the magical setting aside of the consequences of our evil choosing, but the counterworking of those consequences by a new tide of life with its own consequences of further life. It is only to put the same great method of life in slightly different form, when it is insisted, with Paul and with Drummond, that men's greatest need is persistent association with Christ. And it is no outworn way of life, which is so suggested even to the man of the twentieth century. For that simply means that acquaintance with God, as with any other person, must be obtained through his greatest and most significant self-manifestation. It is because men have felt that they found just this in Christ that he has come to have for them such supreme significance. That this is a real experience and not a vision (says Professor Drummond), that this life is possible to men, is being lived by men to-day, is simple biographical fact. From a thousand witnesses I cannot forbear to summon one. The following are the words of one of the highest intellects this age has known, a man who shared the burdens of his country as few have done, and who, not in the shadows of old age, but in the high noon of his success, gave this confession to the world: 'I want to speak to-night only a little, but

that little I desire to speak of the sacred name of Christ, who is my life, my inspiration, my hope, and my surety. I cannot help stopping and looking back upon the past. And I wish, as if I had never done it before, to bear witness, not only that it is by the grace of God, but that it is by the grace of God as manifested in Christ Jesus, that I am what I am. I recognize the sublimity and grandeur of the revelation of God in his eternal fatherhood as one that made the heavens, that founded the earth, and that regards all the tribes of the earth, comprehending them in one universal mercy; but it is the God that is manifested in Jesus Christ, revealed by his life, made known by the inflections of his feelings, by his discourse, and by his deeds—it is that God that I desire to confess to-night, and of whom I desire to say, "By the love of God in Christ Jesus I am what I am." . . . In looking back upon my experience, that part of my life which stands out, and which I remember most vividly, is just that part that has had some conscious association with Christ. All the rest is pale, and thin, and lies like clouds on the horizon. Doctrines, systems, measures, methods—what may be called the necessary mechanical and external part of worship; the part which the senses would recognize—this seems to have withered and fallen off like leaves of last summer; but that part which has taken hold of Christ abides.' 'Can any one hear this life-music,' Professor Drummond adds, 'with its throbbing refrain of Christ, and remain unmoved by envy or desire? Yet, till we have lived like this we have never lived at all.' This also is worth telling: In the Young Women's Christian Association of Boston at a recent gathering, some one asked whether we could not sing something together. "Why," I exclaimed, "how can we? There is no language all of us speak." "But," suggested a French girl, "tunes are the same, and there ought to be a tune we all know, even if we have to sing different words." "Everybody knows 'Holy Night,'" said a woman of large musical ability, born in Russia, of English and German parentage, with own cousins in each of the three armies. She sat down at the piano and began to play the song. An American concert singer with a rare voice, invited in for the occasion, stood by her and led. One after another the others joined, till French, Swiss, German, Austrian, Belgian, Pole, Russian, and Italian were all singing together the same message to the same music—but each in her own tongue. If all start from Christ, the nations can come into harmony, even though each sings in its own tongue. President King closes his book with the following appeal to American youth: "When I think of this new civilization which I must believe lies ahead, I am not anxious for our national physical safety, but I am anxious for our moral life. I am anxious that America take a part worthy of her in that new civilization, and in bringing it to pass. That will depend most of all upon American youth. I bring back to them especially, therefore, once more, Christ's challenge at a like world crisis: 'Take heed to yourselves.' First of all, with all your souls *believe* in the possibilities of the new civilization, and throw your whole selves into the struggle for its oncoming. Do not be cynics nor standpatters. In the second place, accept your special obligations as Americans to-day. *Be* intelligent, thoughtful, unselfish American citizens,

with world vision, ashamed not to think in world terms, in terms of humanity. So thinking, you will remember that no generation since the world began has ever witnessed such a destruction of youthful leaders as has yours. That tragic fact lays hands of solemn consecration upon your heads in this hour. In the third place, forecast with all the help you can obtain from the clearest-sighted and farthest-sighted social prophets of our time, the demands of the new age, that you may dedicate yourselves wholly to them. Be sure, therefore, first, that the new age will have a new sense of the inescapable grip of the laws of God in the life of nations as well as of individuals; and keep it in remembrance for your own nation, as you do what in you lies to guard her seed-sowing. Be sure, second, that the nation that means to be ready to play its full part in the new civilization, must, with stern self-discipline, thoroughly reinvigorate the whole range of its life—physical, political, economic, social, intellectual, moral, and religious. The time for slovenliness of national life in any realm is gone. 'Take heed to yourselves,' therefore, for the higher glory of your own nation. Be sure, third, that you keep your vision of the organic view of truth and of human society, and so preserve a lively sense of the value of the contribution of every man and class and nation and civilization, in that new dawning world of cooperating, mutually respecting nations. Be sure, finally, that your Christianity is the Christianity of Christ, of no make-believe and ineffective type, but purged clean of shallowness, of hatred and of arrogance, capable of application to the whole life of nations no less than of individuals, and capable, above all, of the sacrificial spirit. 'He was shot, my last boy' (said a French officer to Mr. Frank H. Simonds), 'up near Verdun, in the beginning of the war. He did not die at once and I went to him. For twenty days I sat beside him in a cellar waiting for him to die. I bought the last coffin in the village that he might be buried in it, and kept it under my bed. We talked many times before he died, and he told me all he knew of the fight, of the men about him and how they fell. My name is finished, but I say to you now that in all that experience there was nothing that was not beautiful.' Its beauty was the awful, the sanctifying, the consecrating beauty of self-sacrifice. Its terrible price the fathers and sons, the mothers and daughters, the age and youth of more than half the nations of the world are still steadily paying, in the name, they believe, of something more than a selfish patriotism. Is this sifting searching world-crisis to pass, and bring no like sacrificial baptism to your country and mine? This is our threatening danger. For its forefending there must be the high beauty of sacrifice for the transcendent aims of the Kingdom of God on earth. We must be genuine citizens of the new civilization. Only so can Christianity prove itself indeed a world-religion."

The Bible in English Literature. By EDGAR WHITAKER WORK, D.D. 12mo, pp. 287. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, cloth, \$1.25, net.

The Book of Free Men. By JULIUS F. SEERACH. 12mo, pp. 235. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, cloth, \$1.25, net.

The Expository Value of the Revised Version. By GEORGE MILLIGAN, D.D. 12mo, pp. 147. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, cloth, 75 cents, net.

THE quickened interest in the study of the English Bible is an occasion for much optimism. The way this subject is being received by educational circles is seen in a recent volume, *School and College Credit for Outside Bible Study*, by Clarence Ashton Wood. This survey of a movement, which is making headway throughout our land, should be carefully read by preachers and teachers. A knowledge of the Bible is indispensable for a just understanding and appreciation of English and American literature, and no one should be thought of as educated who is not familiar with the Bible from cover to cover. Dr. Work has produced a most timely volume showing how completely the Bible has permeated our literature. A close student of history, literature, and religion himself, he writes with a thorough mastery of his subject. In a previous volume on *The Fascination of the Book*, he dealt with some of the outstanding features of the Bible, as the unique example of the literature of power, and exercising an intellectual and spiritual influence over every realm of life. That excellent exposition is now followed by a volume of equal merit. Nowhere has a similar attempt been made to cover the ground with such detail, conciseness, and fullness. No fact has been overlooked, and he makes out a splendid case for the imprint of the Bible on our best creative literature. "We hold that in nothing has the influence of the Bible been more manifest than in that evident desire of English writers to reach out after ideals of beauty, truth, justice, peace, righteousness, and usefulness. That sense of moral restraint and longing, and still more, that heat of moral passion in the best prose and poetry of our language—where else could these have their source than in the Bible?" This statement is fully illustrated from the writings of Carlyle, Ruskin, Tennyson, Browning, Lowell, Whittier, among the moderns; and from those noble pioneers like Caedmon, Cynewulf, Bede, Alcuin, down to Langland, Wycliffe, Tyndale, Milton, Bunyan, not overlooking Shakespeare, who is neither ancient nor modern, but the most brilliant perennial in the world of letters. Biblical thought and style have both influenced and regulated the language, expression, and tone of English literature. The Bible has also sharpened and determined the very genius of English-speaking peoples. This thesis is well set forth in chapter two, while the last chapter, on "Biblical Idealism in Literature," closes the argument with a convincing summary of the creative results wrought by the Bible. The elements of biblical idealism are the vision of the Unseen, the sense of awe, the mysterious import of human life, the longing and passion for life, the power of spiritual reverence, and

the ever-present emphasis of destiny. Throughout the volume there are passages worth quoting, but we must content ourselves with just a few sentences from the nineteen chapters: "Shakespeare is so deeply read in the Bible as to have absorbed it in his intellectual and moral frame. To take out of his plays their deep biblical strain, their scriptural tone and color, their flavor and fragrance of the Garden of Spices, in which his feet had walked, would be like expunging the colors of the rainbow, or separating the fragrance and beauty of the rose." This is the conclusion of a fine chapter on Shakespeare and the Bible. The chapter on the Puritans is judicious and discerning. "Puritanism committed many extravagances; it was guilty of many faults of emphasis. Nevertheless, it succeeded in grounding the life of England very thoroughly on the Bible; it produced a fuller saturation of the English mind with the Word of God. The Puritan might make many false applications of the teaching of Scriptures; his emphasis might frequently be upon the wrong point. At the same time the power of the Bible flowed into and through him, and from him." What the Bible has done for literature, it has also done for life in general. Mr. Seebach's volume traces the influence of the Bible on the civilization of the world, and more particularly in the making of America and the development of democracy. His story of the composition and growth of the Bible, and of the numerous translations is both succinct, readable, and informing. Of particular value is the interesting way in which he relates the influence of the Book to the rise and progress of Protestantism. The chapters of special importance to students of American history are "The Book in Catholic America," "The Book in Protestant America," and "The Book of Liberty." They contain information not generally accessible, and yet very valuable, as throwing light on some of our own problems as to the right direction of Bible study in public schools. A distinction not commonly recognized is thus stated: "Over against the Roman doctrine of the church's authority, the Protestant places the sonship of believers. Since God is our Father, there can be no difficulty in believing that he can speak to his children. And so the Bible has a peculiar value for the Protestant, not only because it contains a record of God's dealings with his people, but also because he speaks directly through it in a progressive revelation that culminates in Christ. The Roman Church uses it as an arsenal of proof texts for its theology and law; the Protestant finds in it a simple and natural means of communication with God." In order that the last sentence may become more widely true in all circles of Protestantism, a better knowledge of the Book is necessary. We are all agreed that the Authorized Version has captured the heart of English-speaking people. But we are more interested in the actual message of the Bible than merely in the literary form in which it has come to us. Dr. Milligan discusses the decided superiority of the Revised Version for expository purposes, and urgently commends its larger use. He makes a series of comparisons between the two and shows how numerous are the advantages of the later version in removing obscurities, in correcting erroneous ideas, in making vivid the thought of the original.

Of even greater worth is the way it helps to a more adequate understanding of the person and work of Christ, and the character of the Christian life. All Bible students will find his suggestions and directions very helpful in their own study of the Book of Life.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

Franklin Spencer Spalding. Man and Bishop. By JOHN HOWARD MELISH. 8vo, pp. 297. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, \$2.25.

JOHN MORLEY, in his luminous *Recollections*, mentions one of the canons of biographical writing, in accordance with which he wrote his notable life of Gladstone. "If those are right who say that the worth of a biography depends on its being done by one with whole-hearted and candid attachment to the man whose life he writes, then I am safe, *aut laudatus aut excusatus*. In biography the old rule for imaginative creation holds equally good—all depends on the subject." These words fittingly apply to the biography of Bishop Spalding. It is not an adulation, but an appraisal of one of the outstanding characters of the church. He was a unique product of American Christianity, with its increasing trend towards a socialized democracy. The fine photograph facing the front page is a speaking likeness of this noble servant of humanity, who combined the qualities of a hero and a saint. Even those who disagree with his socialistic interpretation of Christianity must acknowledge his manliness and Christlikeness. "Diplomacy seemed to him too much like compromise, and compromise of conviction was abhorrent to him. He was ever eager to get at another's point of view, and to learn from an adversary. The intolerant man is always a contentious man. He regards the expression of a difference of opinion as a personal insult, and always expresses his own opinion in such a way as to reflect upon the good sense of his neighbors. However deep Spalding's convictions were, in debate he always occupied a certain objective attitude toward them. The consequence was that debate, which he dearly loved, never degenerated into bickering. It was an intelligent exercise, never a quarrel. As for his lack of diplomacy, it sprang from one of the most beautiful traits that a strong nature can be possessed of, a simplicity that was almost childlike." He is described as "a sermon on reality." Whenever he spoke it was primarily as a prophet, to tell men what they needed, not what they wanted to hear. Some of his utterances were not welcome, particularly those on the social applications of the gospel. We recall the storm that was raised by his fearless and searching message on "The Church and Democracy," delivered in the Cathedral of Saint John the Divine during the sessions of the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church of 1913. One who knew him best said: "We can think of few men whose influence is so likely to live, and few whom the coming years are so likely to justify." Large sections of this book recall the militant career of Hugh Price Hughes, of whom it was said that he restored to Methodism its evangelistic pas-

sion. Spalding was misunderstood, but that has been the fate of many another prophetic pioneer. There were some who declared that he was neglecting his chief work in the interest of socialism. As a matter of fact, he was primarily a preacher and missionary, and lectured only because he could reach men that way. Indeed, when he became well known, he received frequent invitations to preach, which were declined. "When one is preaching to a handful of people out here it is an opportunity or a temptation to address a crowd in the East. But I'm clear in my own mind, one cannot be the bishop of a Western diocese and an eloquent preacher in New York." He was elected bishop of Utah while serving a flourishing parish at Erie, Pa. He accepted the call and went, with the resolution to stay, refusing many flattering offers of attractive fields of labor. The spirit of the man is seen in a letter to his mother at the time of his election. "The two things I've done here, preaching and pastoral work, are worth little in a bishop, while the things I've failed at—money-getting and winning workers for the church—are all important. The only reason I'm going is because the church must have a man out there, and she has asked me to be that man, whether I like it or not. And I don't much like it. The honor is nothing. But having burned the bridges behind me, there is no use belittling the land I must travel through, and so I'm trying to believe, with you, that it is a great honor and a grand country and a perfect life." The chapters dealing with his debt-raising and money-begging campaigns will be read with interest by those of us who are only far too familiar with this phase of church activity. The way this valiant soul tackled the financial problem was really noteworthy. There are several cordial references to Methodist preachers and the generous way they helped him in his missionary work in Utah. In the mining camps of the Western States he rendered true Christlike service. He insisted that the men who would minister to these must have a message they believe in, and without cant or indifference live themselves the life they recommend. This is a call to virile manhood with the inevitable demand for sacrifice, but what Spalding expected of his preachers he himself exhibited on a heroic scale. This volume is of value to those who are interested in Mormonism and Socialism, both of which were searchingly interpreted by him in the light of the teachings of the gospel. "In advocating Socialism Bishop Spalding was far removed from the dreamy, visionary theorist. He used his reason and observation freely and bravely, and found out the cause of evil, the tendencies which make for cure, and then by faith accepted them and made every effort to enforce them. While he honored all generous and kind-hearted men and women, and was grateful to them for rising above the sordid selfishness about them, he felt that human society will not be organized according to the will of God until justice takes the place of charity, and the cooperative commonwealth replaces the régime of individualistic competition." The platform which he eloquently espoused is finely expounded in a recent volume, *The Christian Ministry and Social Problems*, by Charles D. Williams, also a bishop of the same church. Spalding was a large-

mind churchman, and held that the basis of union is Christlike living and loyalty to Christ. How unlike many a priestlet whose pompous pretensions are as vain as his limited outlook. This biography will bring courage to lonely workers who feel they are not appreciated, who realize they are misunderstood, but who, nevertheless, have convictions which are both vital and stimulating. It will also brace up those who are at the storm centers and kindle the fires of apostolic consecration and service. It will give to everyone a vision of the great possibilities of the church in the new day.

Recollections. By JOHN, VISCOUNT MORLEY, Q.M. Two volumes, 8vo, pp. x+388, vi+382. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, \$7.50 net.

THESE two volumes strike the high-water mark in autobiographical writing with the notes of honesty, dignity, and modesty. Lord Morley was at the center of the political and literary movements of the last fifty years, and what he has written in these pages is distinguished by candor and insight. He thus throws light on many of our pressing problems and suggests how the next steps of progress must be taken. This is, moreover, an optimistic record, what might well be called a history of our own times, that is, up to August, 1914, for with the outbreak of the war Lord Morley retired from public life. Compromise was the arresting title of one of his earliest books, written when he was thirty-six years of age. It sets forth high principles for the guidance of men in public life. Let it be said to his honor that during his long and varied career he courageously adhered to these stern and sober principles, turning away from both mistiness and expediency in policy, and not swerving from the path of duty. He has exemplified in a notable way the spirit of the Puritans whom he so well described in his study of Cromwell, "Mockers say that men of principle are dispensed from the necessity of succeeding; principle is its own reward. But the ironic point depends on your standard of success. We may perceive plenty of wrong turns taken at the cross roads, time misused or wasted, gold taken for dross and dross for gold, manful effort misdirected, facts misread, men misjudged. And yet those who have felt life no stage-play, but a hard campaign with some lost battles, may still resist all spirit of general insurgence in the evening of their day. The world's black catastrophe in your new age is hardly a proved and shining victory over the principles and policies of the age before it." This is from the Introduction. Morley undertook his tasks with quiet gravity and a sense of high responsibility, and even in the face of defeat he exhibited self-control. When ousted from his seat at Newcastle he took his loss with such comparative serenity that Mr. Gladstone, who was quite wrought over it, said to him: "This is really carrying *σωφροσύνη* a good deal too far," that being one of Aristotle's first-class virtues, meaning temperance and sound-mindedness. Morley was a liberal in politics and religion. He held to that type of liberalism which has respect for the dignity and worth of the individual and which stands for pursuit of social good against class

interest or dynamic interest. Chapter two, on "Spirit of the Time," deserves careful study. It passes in review the currents of influence of the middle of the nineteenth century. "Tide swept upon tide—Evangelicalism, all the movements of liberal theology, Catholic reaction within the Anglican communion, stay of ultramontane leanings among English Catholics, the school then so popular in our middle class of High and Dry. Those who are most alive to the great human impulses that reared the Christian fabric, will most readily recognize the analogy between this age and that which witnessed the introduction of Christianity, as it was put by Leslie Stephen from a point of approach opposed to Arnold's—much empty profession of barren orthodoxy, and, beneath all, a vague disquiet, a breaking up of ancient social and natural bonds, and a blind groping toward some cosmopolitan creed and some deeper satisfaction for the emotional needs of mankind." Although he early departed from the faith of his Methodist parents (his mother was a Wesleyan class leader), Morley always heeded the voice of conscience and was guided by the highest of all high motives. If he gave more heed to the austere morals of M. Aurelius than to the sublime truths of Jesus Christ, we can yet say of him what John Wesley said of M. Aurelius, who has been well called the saint of agnosticism: "I make no doubt but this is one of those 'many' who 'shall come from the East and the West and sit down with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob,' while 'the children of the Kingdom,' nominal Christians, are shut out." Interesting sidelight on the character of Morley is found in the life of Charles Stewart Parnell by Katherine O'Shea. She was quite a young girl when John Morley visited in the home of her father, Sir John Page Wood. "He was a very brilliant young man, and my elders explained to me that his tense intellect kept them at too great a strain for pleasurable conversation." But she found him to be altogether different. "He had (to me) a kindly manner, and did not consider it beneath him to talk seriously to a girl so young in knowledge, so excessively and shyly conscious of his superiority, and so much awed by the mission of keeping him amused and interested while my elders rested from his somewhat oppressive intellectuality. I remember wondering, in some alarm, as to what topic I should start if he suddenly stopped talking. But my fear was entirely groundless; he passed so easily from one thing interesting to me to another that I forgot to be self-conscious, and we discussed horses and dogs, books and their writers—agreeing that authors were, of all men, the most disappointing in appearance—my father, soldiers, and 'going to London,' with the greatest pleasure and mutual self-confidence." Others found him to be equally attractive. It was no small tribute to his character that men of different political parties gave him their confidence. With charming naïveté he writes: "Looking back I only know that men vastly my superiors alike in letters and the field of politics, have held me in kind regard and cared for my friendship. I do not try to analyze or explain. Such golden boons in life are self-sufficing." Chamberlain once said to him: "You have two faults, you are sensitive and you are reserved." To this Morley replied: "A man's weak points are usually parts of his strong ones; if he is lucky enough to have any. Sensitiveness is an element or counterpart of sympathy,

and a gift of sympathy either in a public man or anybody else is a tower of strength. Reserve, again, is an element in pride, and pride of the right sort is a tower of strength too." Rosebery once wondered how so many members of Parliament went to see Morley so much, and to talk so freely to him. "They never come to me," he said. "You're too big a man for one thing," explained Morley, "and for another you are uncertain—not always to be found. I am always there, you see." To this Rosebery rejoined, "O, that's not it. When I was in every morning at Lansdowne House, 'twas just the same. No, you are sympathetic." It is certainly edifying to read the opinions of a man of such acknowledged qualities. What he writes about contemporary notabilities is all the more valuable because he was intimately associated with them. There are living pictures of Cobden, Bright, Chamberlain, Stead, Parnell, Asquith, Goldwin Smith, Goschen, Curzon, Disraeli, Acton, Balfour, Carnegie, Roosevelt, Gladstone, and many others. He has also a great deal to say of men famous in science and literature. The section on George Meredith is specially fine. It is not superficial eulogy, but constructive criticism. "Meredith was not meant for pure contemplative: he was the born and lifelong athlete, both in art and career. . . . It was his buoyant energy, his sincerity of vision, his spaciousness of mind and outlook, his brave faith in good, in the rise of good standards, in the triumphs of good—these it was that made him a rare moral and intellectual force, the teacher of many a sane and wholesome lesson, among those who had the happiness to be his friends, long years before the world found out the fire and strength and richness in his genius." He refers to Mazzini as standing for the voice of conscience in modern democracy. As might be expected, he has much to say of J. S. Mill. "Strange is the spell of personality, and Mill's personality was transparent. In his collective influence he made innumerable pulses of knowledge and thought vibrate in his generation. Respect for him became an element of men's own self-respect." Concerning Matthew Arnold he hits the nail in a few sentences: "As critic in an epoch that stood in peculiar need of criticism in its largest sense, Arnold must be called incomparable among Englishmen of his day. In the region of bookish taste, and in vision for the right tests, alike in prose and verse, he was admirable, if not always absolutely sure. In application of such tests from rich historic stores, along with insight for the temper and needs of his time, he was sane, measured, just, competent." We can fill many pages about Herbert Spencer, Huxley, Carlyle, Browning, Ruskin, Victor Hugo, Louis Blanc, Bagehot, George Eliot, Alfred Lyall, Tennyson, and many more. Referring to the men who were associated with Chamberlain in Birmingham, he writes: "Before them all in strength of caliber was R. W. Dale, the embodiment in its full strength of the spirit of free churches after the New Model, a true Cromwellian in vigor of political imagination and virile sense of the trumpet-call of public duty. Dale's voice, his look, his gesture, his outspoken courage, were all Cromwellian. The procession of the ages had added in him the grace of tolerance, so fatally absent from his Protestant forbears of the seventeenth century." Indirect testimony to the sterling worth of Morley as an editor

is given in the life of Principal Fairbairn by Selbie. When Dr. Fairbairn returned to London from a trip in Russia he was eager for news and no paper would satisfy him but the *Pall Mall Gazette*. The reason for this: "Let men say what they like about the religion of John Morley, I feel I must always go to his paper to get the actual truth." Book III is devoted to his service as Irish secretary, and there is much else in the two volumes on the problems of Ireland which bear on political and social conditions. Morley was also Secretary of State for India, and was associated with Lord Minto, the Viceroy of India, in accomplishing many urgent reforms in the Indian Empire. Book V is devoted to this subject, and is fittingly entitled "A Short Page of Imperial History." The six chapters consist largely of correspondence with the Viceroy, and constitute a running commentary on the problems made acute by the unrest among the natives. It was an earnest and successful attempt on the part of these two men to cope with a complicated situation. There is a surprising omission in this entire section. Nothing is said of the important activities of the missionaries. One of the leading natives said of Dr. John Wilson concerning his educational work in Bombay in the early nineteenth century and founder of Wilson College: "Since his arrival in India, no less than eighteen governors have ruled over the Western Presidency, but Dr. Wilson did more for the Presidency of Bombay, in the way of educating the people, composing books suited to their wants in the various languages, inducing them to be loyal subjects of the British crown, than all the eighteen governors together." Even after allowance is made for Oriental hyperbole, the same can be said of a host of missionaries. And yet no reckoning was made with them and their great work apparently counted for nought toward the solution of the difficulties in India. Probably this is explained by the limitations of political leaders, whose desire for religious impartiality has frequently led them to miss the mark.

A READING COURSE

The Religious Education of an American Citizen. By FRANCIS GREENWOOD PEABODY. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.25.

THE sumptuous volume, *Drew Theological Seminary—1867-1917*, is an impressive record of fifty years of self-sacrificing service for the kingdom of God. It brings forcibly to our attention the pressing importance of an adequately trained Christian ministry, to meet the complicated problems of the new day, and to secure for the church the leadership in all world affairs. There is no writer who has done more to emphasize this truth than Professor Peabody. He has written a series of volumes which breathe the spiritual and social passions of the gospel, and which helpfully suggest some of the ways by which the church must discharge its commission. We can only mention the titles of his books in the order of their publication: *Jesus Christ and the Social Question*, 1900; *The Religion of an Educated Man*, 1903; *Jesus*

Christ and the Christian Character, 1905; *The Approach to the Social Question*, 1909; *The Christian Life in the Modern World*, 1914; *The Religious Education of an American Citizen*, 1917. Any one who makes a careful study of these volumes will have a clear understanding of the nature and gravity of our difficulties and how to meet them. Let it be said at the outset that we do not accept Dr. Peabody's theological position. His interpretations of the teachings of Jesus Christ do not reckon with the whole message of the New Testament. At important places his argument halts and grows weak because of his failure to emphasize the evangelical doctrine of redemption through our Lord and Saviour. He, however, has a discerning appreciation of the complex facts of life, and brings to his discussions broad scholarship, penetrating vision, and a warm religious spirit. His apt quotations from the best writers of every school of thought are as valuable as his own luminous utterances. He is one of the finest representatives of ethical idealism, and he never tires of ringing the many changes on that great principle of Jesus: "If any man will do his will, he shall know of the teaching." "The primary test of discipleship is in the discipline of the will." Another of the words of Jesus which Dr. Peabody has made vivid in his several books is this: "For their sakes I sanctify myself." Just as we think of Professor James in connection with the wonderful chapter on "Habit" in his *Psychology*, so we associate Professor Peabody with these two sentences of the Master. Greater praise cannot be given any thinker. We introduce our reading course with his latest volume. Here he utters the thoughts of many hearts and gives expression to our latent convictions and desires with unique lucidity of literary style. He considers with insight the conditions and institutions of American life among which the stream of religious experiences has its origin and from which its course must be directed. How can these influences be cleansed? Can American citizenship be made a medium of religious education? What are the defects and virtues of American character of which religious teaching must take account? In answering these questions he talks plainly and outspokenly, with prophetic unction and impartiality. The home, school, college, business, politics, citizenship, internationalism, militarism—these are urgent themes, not only for these days of war, but also for the coming days of reconstruction, which, please God, may not be far off. The Christian minister must then be prepared with a program adequate to every situation, and with a motive whose stimulus will bring supply where the need is pressing. Dr. Peabody's volume gives satisfactory direction. "Religious education means, as the words imply, the drawing out of the religious nature, the clarifying and strengthening of religious ideals, the enriching and rationalizing of the sense of God. It assumes the susceptibility and responsiveness of human life to the approaches of the divine life, and by every influence of suggestion and environment clears the way by which the love of God may reach the soul of man. Education thus becomes, as Lessing announced it to be, revelation—the disclosure to the will of man of the will of God. . . . A life which has thus acquired a quickened and

active sense of divine control becomes inevitably associated with God's purpose for the world, so far as that may be revealed. Revelation thus passes over into dedication. The end of education is service. The consciousness of God directs one's will to the establishing of the kingdom of God. The life that is sanctified becomes sanctified for others' sakes." This quotation finely summarizes the message of the book. While Dr. Peabody holds that the earliest communication of religion to a child is not by instruction, but by contagion, he also holds to the principle of growth with its increasing social responsibility, which is so convincingly set forth by Professor Coe in his recent volume, noted in the Side Reading below. Among the principles which should direct the religious education of an American child are reality, personality, democracy. Note carefully his interpretations of these ideas and see how you can apply them. The home is given a conspicuous place in the solution of our problem. Homelessness is a greater peril to which the boy and girl are exposed than bad companions, bad books, or bad habits. He means by this the isolation of the child's soul, the lack of some one to listen to him, a life without roots, which hold him in his place and make him grow. Follow the argument, which is really a plea for simplicity, consistency, and piety in the American home. Supplement this chapter with Dr. Coe's searching chapter on "The Christian Reorganization of the Family," which summons the family to prepare children for democracy by being itself a democracy. Dr. Peabody's chapter on "The Religion of a College Student" deals with problems of the adolescent age, whether college-trained or otherwise. Read what is said of the efforts of the church to win young people with the bait of socials instead of honestly and intelligently offering a religion which can stand the tests of reality, reasonableness, and practical service. Is it actually the case that when the youth between seventeen and twenty-two asks for bread we give him a stone, because we do not know any better? Is he not right when he declares in the chapter on "Universities and the Social Conscience" that what our humanitarian enterprises need most of all is expert leadership, marked by sympathy with wisdom? Read how he meets the charge that academic people are theorists and that what we need is practical men. "Theory is the capacity for vision; the seeing things as they are; the survey of truth with a large horizon. Doers we have in plenty; but where are our seers? Action is eager enough; but where is vision? Views there are in abundance; but where are the leaders who have a view of life, its motives and aims, its incidents and enterprises, seen from the height of scientific detachment and judicious temper?" While he does justice to the springs of American idealism, he also points out that we suffer from a lack of *discipline*, which gives self-control, patience, poise; *power*, which brings initiative, endurance, authority; *perspective*, which offers capacity to set things in their true proportion. Each of these qualities, which comes from a liberal education, is discerningly expounded in separate chapters. Here are two sentences worth pondering: "When one considers the moral blunders and disasters which happen among decent people, he cannot help observing that they occur, for the most

part, not because wrong is consciously preferred to right, but because the proportions of right conduct are confused or blurred. . . . History is strewn with the mistakes of conscientious people, who have been all the more persistent in their blundering because they were quite sure that they were doing right." The chapter on "The Expansion of Religion" advocates a type of life which is concerned in the entire area of human experience and need. This is indeed the program of the religion of the Incarnation, although it has received scant justice until recent times. The provincialism and sectarianism of the average Christian can be supplanted by the universalism of Jesus only as we are thoroughly subdued and controlled by the spirit of the Christ. It is for this reason that we are disappointed with the closing chapter. True, the author recognizes and exalts the many-sided appeal of Jesus Christ to every sort and condition of life—rationalist, mystic, and idealist; but there is lacking the triumphant note of faith in the living Redeemer. Note how the argument is thin and supply the truth which gives a complete Christianity with its inevitable swing of conquest.

SIDE READING

Religious Education and Democracy. By B. S. Winchester. (Abingdon Press, \$1.50.) Discusses the type of religious education that can further the interests of democracy, in harmony with the vital principles of Protestantism.

A Social Theory of Religious Education. By G. A. Coe. (Scribner's, \$1.50.) Shows with characteristic ability the bearing on religious education of the social interpretation of Christianity, and how to readjust our teaching, especially in the Sunday school, so as to get the best results.

Personal Appeals to Sunday School Workers. By Oscar L. Joseph. (Revell, \$1.) Every interest is considered with clear insight into present conditions and a vision of better things to come.

For information about books of interest to preachers, address this department, *Reading Course*, care of the METHODIST REVIEW, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York City.